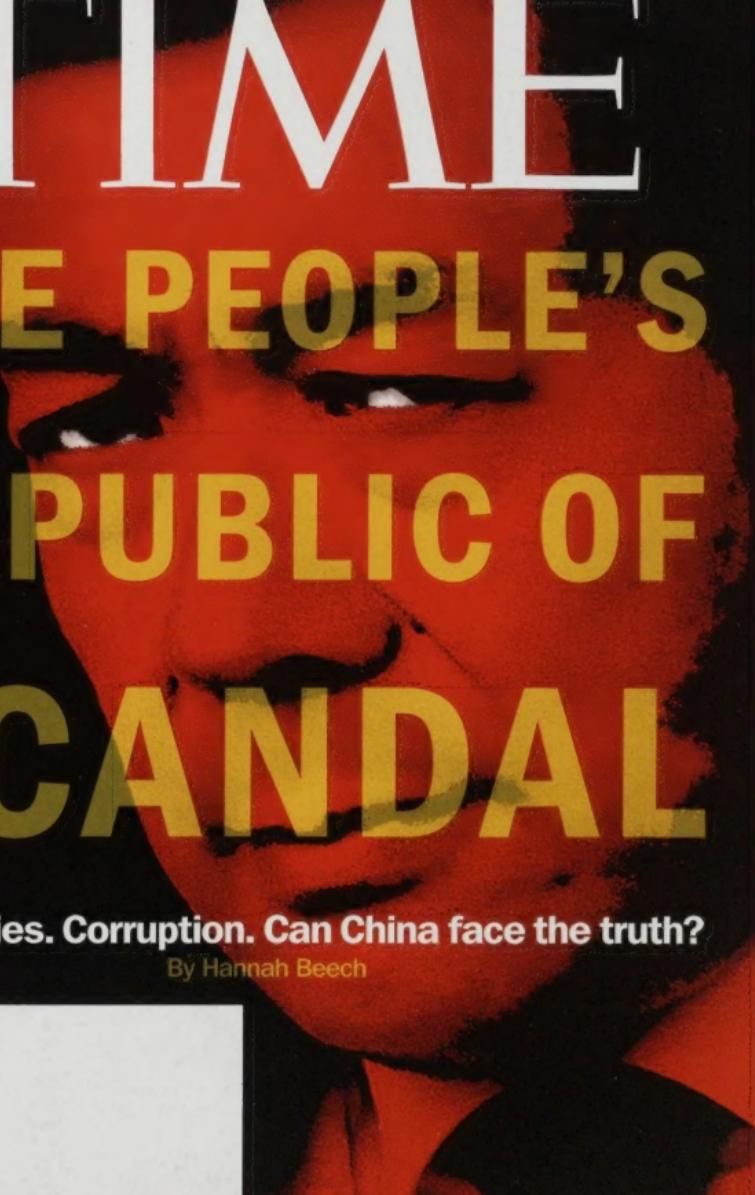


Schools That Work By Joe Klein / John Irving / Nerds of the NBA

TIME

THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF SCANDAL



Murder. Lies. Corruption. Can China face the truth?

By Hannah Beech

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TIME

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TIME Photo-Illustration.
Photograph by
Jason Lee—Reuters



Chinese activist Chen Guangcheng receives care at a Beijing hospital after leaving the U.S. embassy. Photograph by Jordan Pouille—AFP/Getty Images

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Heavyweight boxer Wladimir Klitschko



Jessica Simpson,
page 52

A photograph showing several students in a school hallway. In the foreground, a girl sits on the floor looking up at something off-camera. Behind her, two boys stand near lockers; one is holding a notebook and the other is looking down at something in his hands. In the background, more students are blurred, walking away.

School buildings that make a lasting impression.

Siemens answers for building technology provide a brighter future for students and the environment.

At 8:00 a.m. every day, the first period bell rings across a Tennessee school district. As desks fill up and notebooks open, the classrooms look nothing out of the ordinary. But here, teachers and textbooks aren't the only things that will make an impact on the lives of students far into the future.

Utilizing intelligent building technology from Siemens, the school district made improvements that drastically reduced CO₂ emissions, cut energy costs by \$2.9 million annually and gave every one of their 75,000 students attending the improved buildings a healthier, more comfortable learning environment.

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Inbox

TIME stories that elicited the most mail



As Small a
President as
He Can Be

The TIME 100

The Last Days
of Osama
bin Laden

MAIL



The End of bin Laden

What impressed me most in your article "How It Went Down" was the statement attributed to CIA Deputy Director Michael Morell [May 7].

When he realized the military would be better equipped to handle the raid than his agency's people, he told his boss, "It's time to call in the pros." That kind of selfless, self-confident cooperation should be held up as an example to all Republicans and Democrats and federal agencies. The government needs more leaders with this attitude.

Jim Fisher, OAKDALE, MINN.

Kudos to TIME for your special report on bin Laden. It reads like a Tom Clancy novel and makes me proud of our country.

Mary Ellen Lukasiewicz, CUMBERLAND, R.I.

Assessing Obama

I found it interesting that Rich Lowry opines that Obama can't run on his record "so he's left with petty attacks and paltry ideas" in a commentary ["As Small a President as He Can Be," May 7] followed by Peter Bergen's article "The Last Days of bin Laden," which details one of Obama's gutsiest, most substantive achievements as Commander in Chief.

A.W. Hartman, MANSFIELD, OHIO

The TIME 100

Seeing Mamata Banerjee on this list confirms what has long been suspected by the observant middle class in her home state of West Bengal ["The 100 Most Influential People in the World," April 30]. You can love her or you can hate her, but you certainly cannot ignore her—or her unmatched influence over her state's and India's political future.

Saurya Bhattacharya, KOLKATA

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

► In "Instant Gratification," we misspelled the name of a researcher; she is Mari Gallagher [May 7].
► The TIME 100 essay on Xi Jinping was accompanied by the wrong illustration [April 30]. We regret the error.



THE CONVERSATION

I never asked a reporter to reveal [his] sources'

CBS newsman Bob Schieffer said to TIME contributor Graham Allison, "but how did you find this out?" The *Face the Nation* host was agog at all the new details in "**How It Went Down**," Allison's May 7 cover story about the killing of Osama bin Laden. Among the most startling revelations: that so few of even the President's closest advisers knew about the operation and that the decision to go ahead with it was not unanimous. When Republicans criticized Obama for politicizing the raid in a tough new election ad, several pundits pointed to Jon Meacham's assessment "**Why Obama Owns bin Laden**" on TIME.com. "Is the bin Laden ad fair to Romney? No, not really. But politics is not for the faint of heart," Meacham wrote in an oft quoted passage. "There'll be more punches coming."

Up Next ...

Just painting a gadget pink doesn't necessarily make it a good Mother's Day gift. On May 10, Techland editor Doug Aamoth rounds up the 10 worst tech gifts for Mom (among them: obscure beauty gear and Swarovski-encrusted anything). You can also watch Doug on TIME.com every Friday starring in his video series, the Most Insanely Important, Mind-Blowing Tech News of the Week, a wry alliance between tech and comedy. Find his videos and other tech news at techland.time.com.



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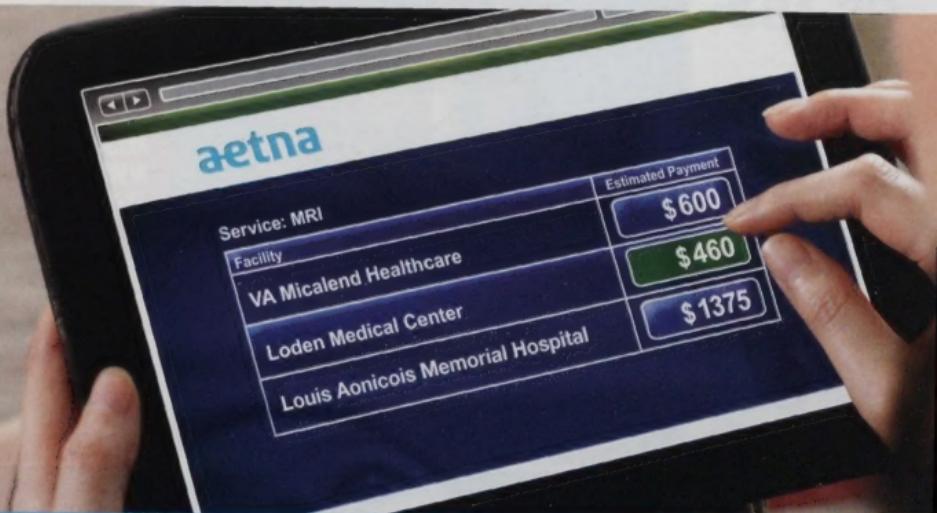
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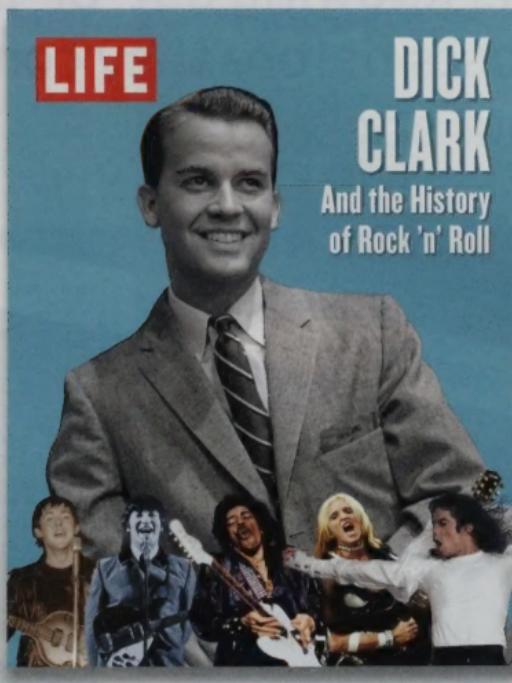
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LIFE

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Briefing

'Any thinking American would have ordered exactly the same thing.'

1. MITT ROMNEY, Republican presidential candidate, responding to Obama campaign ads that argued Romney wouldn't have authorized the successful raid on Osama bin Laden's compound in Pakistan

'I am a little occupied at the moment, but perhaps someday I can help you forget Sarah Marshall ... again.'

2. HILLARY CLINTON, U.S. Secretary of State, rejecting *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* star Jason Segel's request to appear in one of his upcoming projects

'It's like a real Chinese version of *The Shawshank Redemption*'

3. HU JIA, human-rights activist, on blind former government prisoner Chen Guangcheng, who released a video exposing the abuse his family suffered under house arrest

'The organ-donation crisis is not a medical crisis. It's a social crisis.'

4. SHERYL SANDBERG, COO of Facebook, which is encouraging users to post their donor status to raise awareness and reduce the transplant backlog

'You don't really replace a guy like that. You can't. You just try to do the best you can.'

5. ANDREW LUCK, quarterback from Stanford, after being drafted by the Indianapolis Colts to fill the supersize shoes of Peyton Manning



\$81.29

Price of a 200-rocket fireworks package that explodes in the shape of the buyer's face; it's visible from up to 20 miles (32 km) away

15%

Ceiling on price increases that many London businesses have pledged to observe for any markups during this summer's Olympics

30%

Percentage of U.S. workers who sleep less than six hours per night, according to recent data from the National Sleep Foundation



68,000

Guns seized by Mexican authorities from 2007 to 2011 that can be traced to the U.S., according to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives

Briefing

LightBox





Moving on

A year after the raid on Osama bin Laden's compound in the Pakistani town of Abbottabad, young locals square off in a game of cricket at the bulldozed site of the al-Qaeda leader's home

Photograph by Mian Khursheed—Reuters
lightbox.time.com

World



Rupert Murdoch and his wife Wendi Deng

A Mogul Takes a Hit

1 | U.K. Rupert Murdoch is "not a fit person" to run a major international company. So proclaimed a May 1 report published by the British parliamentary committee tasked with interrogating the News Corp. head and his myriad executives. Among its assertions: that Murdoch exhibited "willful blindness" during the phone-hacking scandal that shuttered his British tabloid *News of the World*. Although the damning rhetoric spawned global headlines and prompted an American watchdog group to lobby the FCC to revoke Murdoch's Fox broadcast licenses in the U.S., it's unclear if the report will have a lasting impact. Dissenting committee members—all Conservatives—quickly spoke out against it, calling certain aspects "partisan" and undercutting the findings. News Corp.'s board, meanwhile, announced a unanimous vote of confidence for the embattled chief.



Madame Kingmaker

2 | FRANCE President Nicolas Sarkozy's reelection hopes took another hit when far-right leader Marine Le Pen (above) refused to endorse him in the May 6 second-round runoff against Socialist challenger François Hollande. Le Pen, who scored the biggest surprise of the first round by claiming nearly 18% of the vote, vowed to cast a blank ballot and told her supporters to vote their consciences. Sarkozy has tried to pander to Le Pen's constituency, intensifying his rhetoric about the dangers of Islam and immigration. But as Hollande and Sarkozy dueled in the one and only debate of the campaign May 2, surveys showed the unpopular President is likely headed for defeat.

An Empty Peace, in Pieces

3 | SYRIA A short-lived U.N.-brokered truce between the forces of Syrian President Bashar Assad and rebels seeking his overthrow disintegrated as both sides flouted its terms. Government tanks and heavy weaponry remained deployed in some cities, while insurgent fighters launched repeated strikes on state security forces. A dawn ambush near the northern city of Aleppo killed some 15 Syrian soldiers, while suicide bombers struck government locations in the capital, Damascus. (The opposition denied any role in the blasts, though fears are growing over the prevalence of Islamist extremists in the rebel ranks.) Human-rights observers claim that the death toll after a year of unrest stands at more than 11,000. A team of U.N. monitors admitted into the country by the Assad regime has struggled to keep an eye—let alone a lid—on all the violence. And a report by U.S.-based Human Rights Watch accused Assad's forces of committing war crimes.

AUSTRALIA

'Of course it will sink if you put a hole in it.'

CLIVE PALMER, Australian mining magnate, posing about his recent shipwreck compensation: a luxury superyacht modeled after the ill-fated *Titanic*, which sank in 1912. The *Titan, IIas* Palmer calls it, is expected to set sail in 2014—presumably with ample safety features.



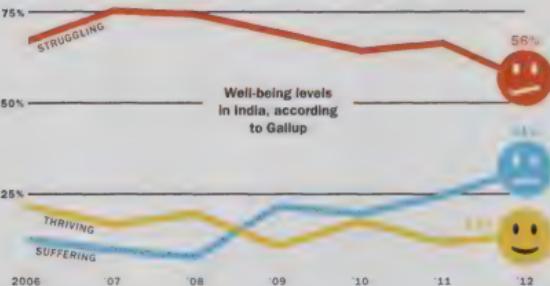


In the Weeds

4 AFGHANISTAN A U.S. soldier walks through a field of poppies while on patrol in Kandahar province days before President Barack Obama's surprise visit to Kabul May 1 to sign a strategic pact with Afghan President Hamid Karzai. The deal confirms American plans to withdraw troops by the end of 2014. Not long after Obama's arrival, though, Taliban terrorist attacks rocked the Afghan capital once more.

Not-So-Happy Times

5 INDIA More than 3 out of every 10 Indians consider themselves to be "suffering," a worrying sign that long-standing social inequities in the world's largest democracy are getting worse. Although the nation boasts a booming, dynamic economy, Gallup data—drawn from 5,000 people spread over 90% of the country—suggest that success hasn't trickled down to many of its citizens. Exacerbating the misery is a lack of access to decent education, a problem India's sclerotic government is struggling to address amid a host of corruption scandals and political infighting.



More Bad Blood

6 EGYPT At least 20 people were killed following clashes in Cairo between a mob of plainclothesmen and protesters demonstrating against the interim military government. The protesters—supporters of a prominent Salafist politician—were waylaid outside the country's Defense Ministry by a gang of thugs wielding bricks, knives and Molotov cocktails. Soldiers and police eventually dispersed the fighters, but many join the assault on the government, which has a history of rent-a-mob violence. Two leading candidates in Egypt's upcoming presidential election suspended their campaigning in protest.

WORLD
202 MILLION

Projected number of unemployed people in the end of 2012, up from 196 million last year, according to the International Labor Organization. The rising figure is partly the result of austerity measures in crisis-hit Europe.

Nation

Between the Lines

By Mark Halperin

► After Mitt Romney spent several days trying—and failing—to kindle national-security criticism of the Administration, the White House played A-plus power politics by fusing the anniversary of Osama bin Laden's death with a surprise Afghanistan visit... ► Displaying its inner Karl Rove, the White House used



President Obama's flash trip to send twin messages: the unpopular war is ending, but U.S. troops will remain in the country for at least a decade... ► Republicans will continue to charge that the President is "politicizing" national security... ► Meanwhile, Obama's team delights in the ease with which an incumbent Commander in Chief can dictate the political conversation and dominate the news whenever he likes... ► With Bill



Clinton appearing in Obama-Joe Biden campaign videos and helping his party raise political cash, the Democrats have a supersurrogate that Team Romney can't match... ► Battleground states are already seeing millions of dollars' worth of TV ads and frequent candidate visits. The reason? The Democrats need to define Romney's image for voters, and the Republicans need to spotlight the economy; neither side can afford to wait to shape the contest... ► On a parallel battlefield: a series of budget face-offs between the House and Senate that strategists from both parties believe will help them in November... ► The skirmishes are less about unraveling the deficit-and-spending mess than rallying each side's troops for Election Day... ► The only glimmer of hope: a large, bipartisan group of Senators secretly caucusing to find a way out of the thicket after the election.



NEW HEIGHTS Six years after building began at the 9/11 attack site, 1 World Trade Center touched a height of 1,271 ft. (387 m) on April 30, becoming Manhattan's tallest tower. Within two years it will reach the symbolic height of 1,776 feet (541 m), making it the world's third tallest building.



EDUCATION

The Ads on the Bus Go ...

Cigarettes and junk food on the side of a school bus? It may not be as far-fetched as it seems. As school districts scrounge for cash, nine states already permit advertising on the iconic yellow vehicles, including Texas, Arizona, and Colorado. Missouri may soon join the list: its house of representatives approved a bill in April to allow commercial images on both the interior and exterior of public school buses. If the

measure becomes law, schools will get half the precious funds raised, with the rest helping to cover transportation costs. But these laws pose challenges. Their fine print only sometimes prohibits tobacco, alcohol, political or junk-food ads. (Missouri's would bar cigarettes and booze but not junk food.) And safety advocates warn that bus ads can distract motorists and obscure the bright yellow safety coloring. One state headed the concerns: California's senate killed a similar bill on April 25.

WORD OF THE WEEK

His·pan·der·ing
v. manipulating one's rhetoric or actions to court Hispanic voters

See: Mitt Romney playing up his father's Mexican birthplace, a Mormon-American community where he lived before moving to the U.S. at age 5, striking Hispanic actor Iñaki Moralez. "I'm surprised I'm not seeing him in a photo op outside of a taco stand," he quipped on CBS's Face the Nation





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Nation

REEFER REVERSE?
Suppliers of prescription
pot are now being
targeted by the feds



Hot Pot. How Barack Obama's medical-marijuana plans went up in smoke

By Michael Scherer

THE MESSAGE CAN TAKE MANY FORMS. Sometimes it's armed federal agents with a warrant and handcuffs. Sometimes it's IRS auditors. Sometimes it's just a simple but powerful letter from a U.S. Attorney. But the effect is always the same. It's all part of a tough new federal crackdown on the burgeoning medical-marijuana industry in California and the 15 other states that have legalized pot for the sick.

In recent months, federal officials have shuttered dozens of storefront dispensaries nationwide. Whole cannabis crops in California's Central Valley have been tilled under, and the feds have warned local and state officials not to implement laws or regulations that allow the medical use of a drug still outlawed, without exceptions, under federal law. "None are immune from action by the federal government," warns Northern California's U.S. Attorney Melinda Haag.

It's all happening under the Administration of Barack Obama, who pledged as a candidate in 2008 to ease federal pressure on medical marijuana in states that

had legalized the practice. "What I'm not going to be doing is using Justice Department resources to try to circumvent state laws on this issue," he said back then. Obama even promised to end Drug Enforcement Administration raids on medical-marijuana suppliers. "The double messaging is what has driven people crazy," says promarijuana California assemblyman Tom Ammiano.

Obama defends himself by arguing that the medical-marijuana industry has changed in ways that Washington just can't ignore. Federal prosecutors, he points out, still will not target genuinely sick patients or their immediate caregivers. "The only tension that's come up—and this gets hyped up a lot," Obama said in a recent interview with *Rolling Stone*, "is a murky area where you have large-scale commercial operations that may supply medical-marijuana users but in some cases may also be supplying recreational users." Prosecutors cite the explosive growth and enormous size of the new medical-marijuana indus-

Buzz kill Many doctor-approved marijuana users are seeing their suppliers shuttered in a crackdown against the growing pot industry

try, the tens of millions of dollars in cash changing hands, a poor track record of local regulation and anecdotal evidence that recreational interstate trade in the drug is booming. "There are people suffering from serious illnesses who believe they benefit from the use of marijuana," says Haag. "If that's all we were dealing with, I do not believe there would be any federal involvement."

But on the ground, even medicinal-pot peddlers who follow state law to the letter are being shut down or squeezed. In California and Colorado, prosecutors have busted dispensaries with local permits for operating within 1,000 ft. of a school or playground. The IRS has told vendors they can't count their expenses as legitimate business deductions. Gun shops have been advised not to sell to consumers of medical marijuana. And the Department of Housing and Urban Development has barred state and local public-housing officials from renting to otherwise law-abiding medical-marijuana patients.

Critics of the crackdown worry that the medical-marijuana market is being driven underground, to the benefit of real criminals. After the closure of one dispensary in San Francisco, Mira Ingram, a medical-marijuana patient for more than a decade, began to notice a new breed of street dealers in her neighborhood who catered to the infirm with brand-name strains like OG Kush and Cherry Pie. "They assume that I would use it because I am in a wheelchair," says Ingram, 44. "The whole neighborhood has changed for the worse." That's the fear of officials like San Francisco's district attorney, George Gascón. "We don't want people selling drugs on the corner, just like we don't want people selling beer and wine on the corner," he says.

The feds counter that legalized pot is breeding crime too and that state and local officials aren't managing it. And so President Obama, who once promised to respect states' rights on medical marijuana, now runs for re-election amid the haze of increasing federal intervention. ■

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NATURE'S FIX

Briefing

Health & Science

Eat with Caution. Why experts are wary of these six "healthy" foods

By Alexandra Sifferlin

Has there ever been a term harder to define than *healthy food*? Read a few labels and pretty soon it seems as if anything that doesn't flat-out kill you can call itself nutritious. But in most cases, things aren't so obvious. Here are some ostensibly good-for-you foods that diet specialists look at with a skeptical eye.



REDUCED-FAT PEANUT BUTTER

Laking out the fat sometimes means putting in artificial sweeteners. That can add up to a savings of just less of fat and no calories per serving along with a cloving flavor.



FROZEN YOGURT

The probiotic bacteria that are part of frozen yogurt aren't present in the same quantities in all brands. And in self-service shops, it's easy to overdo portions, pile on toppings, and rack up calories.



HIGH-FIBER AND WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL AND BREAD

A good idea—but be careful. Unless you're buying these at a health food store, you may be getting added sweeteners and caramel coloring. And not all the whole grains are actually whole.



LOW-FAT YOGURT

It starts off fine, but as with its frozen cousin, high fructose corn syrup and artificial flavorings and colorings add calories and yuckiness. Avoid the fruity kind and stick with plain.



GLUTEN-FREE FOODS

These are a must for people who are gluten sensitive or who have celiac disease, an auto-immune condition. For everyone else, they're just a food fad—one that often comes with extra sugar, saturated fats and preservatives.



PROCESSED SOY PRODUCTS

The problem is the processing part, which removes healthy carbs, fat and fiber and leaves only the protein isolate. Processed soy products are also linked to hormone imbalances in some people.



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Economy

Box-Office Blowout

What's really driving studios' record-setting year

1 Social Media Savvy



Ewan
McGregor
in The Devil Inside



Rachel
McAdams
in The Vow

2 Off-Season Blockbusters

Studios typically unleash their big flicks during the summer, when students can easily spend money on weekends. By choosing an off-season release for "The Hunger Games," however, Lionsgate was able to command weeks of media hype—and the third largest opening weekend in history (\$322 million). Universal had similar success with "Dr. Seuss' The Lorax."

3 Better Movies

Better Movies



Judd
Apatow
is The Lucas



Jennifer
Lawrence
in The Hunger Games



Chris
Evans
in The
Avengers



Tom
Hiddleston
in The
Avengers

4 Girl Power

Critics' group numbers in 2012 were 50% and "Anna Karenina" (which opened in November) was the most buzzed-about movie of the year. But the year's most buzzed-about female star is Kristen Stewart, who has been the subject of intense media scrutiny since her affair with Robert Pattinson. She's also the star of "Snow White & the Huntsman," which is set to open in June.

5 Rihanna in Battleship



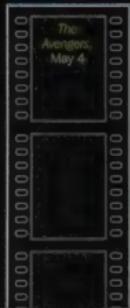
Rihanna
in Battleship



Kristen
Stewart
in Snow-
White

It's a comeback of cinematic proportions: in the first four months of 2012, big-screen releases took in nearly \$3.2 billion at the U.S. box office, a whopping 17% increase over the same period last year (during which attendance hit an 18-year low). "The Vow," "Safe House," "25 Jump Street"—so many movies have overperformed," says Gitesh Pandya, editor of BoxOfficeGuru.com, noting that summer and fall flicks, whose trailers aired before the early-year releases, will also benefit from the sky-high returns. So what's driving the boom? A combination of smart casting, smarter marketing and an idea as old as commerce itself: if you make a better product, more people will buy it. —NATE RAWLINGS

\$410 million



How High Is the Hype?

The movies that fans are betting will be summer's cash cows

← →

In order of release date

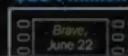
\$204 million



\$185 million



\$184 million



\$262 million



\$366 million



Milestones



DIED Benzion Netanyahu

In the 1940s, revisionist Zionism was the idea that Israel should not be partitioned between Arabs and Jews and that Israeli territory should cover both sides of the Jordan River. For decades until his April 30 death at 102, Benzion Netanyahu—historian, editor, activist and father of Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu—was the living legacy of this hawkish view of Israel's destiny. In many ways, he was also the father of today's Likud Party, now headed by his son.

Netanyahu's views were forged in the bloody history of the birth of Israel. Born in Poland, he moved to mandate-era Palestine as a boy a few years before the 1929 Hebron massacre of 67 Jews. He went on to study medieval history at Hebrew University in Jerusalem but was soon lured to America to work for Vladimir Jabotinsky, the father of revisionist Zionism. There, Netanyahu vigilantly lobbied Dwight Eisenhower, Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Robert Taft for a U.S. commitment to a Jewish state, which was included in the 1944 Republican platform. But his life's work was a 1,384-page history of the Spanish Inquisition in which he argued that discrimination against conversos—Jews who became Christians—stemmed from deep-seated anti-Semitism and not the belief that they were secretly practicing Judaism, something he called a myth. —RICHARD STENGEL

DIED Amos Vogel

Scholar, cheerleader and entrepreneur à la avant-garde film, Amos Vogel taught generations of Americans to expand their vision of movies. This Austrian émigré, who died April 24 in New York City at 91, founded the Cinema 16 film club in 1947 with his wife Marcia; there he showed a challenging range of programs, from Maya Deren art films to Nazi propaganda (for study purposes, not indoctrination). In 1963 he and Richard Roud launched the New York Film Festival—Cinema 16 on a grander scale—which quickly became the nation's top showcase for serious movies. A cheerful dynamo who enlightened students at Harvard, NYU and Penn, Vogel wrote the 1974 book *Film as a Subversive Art*, a crucial text for those who believe in cinema's power to storm the barricades of the status quo. In this most timid of film eras, his voice remains a call to arms for adventurous directors and moviegoers. —RICHARD CORLISS



DIED Junior Seau

Was a ferocious football player ever as likable as Junior Seau, the 12-time Pro Bowl linebacker who died in an apparent suicide on May 2 at 43? In interviews he was thoughtful and expressive. Because of his spirit, his death is hard to fathom. Seau was once NFL Man of the Year; in 2005 he earned a Volunteer Service Award from President George W. Bush. He led the San Diego Chargers, his hometown team, to their only Super Bowl appearance, following the 1994 season. (They lost to the San Francisco 49ers.) "Junior was an icon in our community," says Chargers president Dean Spanos. "He transcended the game."

—SEAN GREGORY



DIED
Albert Falco, 84, who as captain of the *Calypso* sailed with undersea explorer Jacques Cousteau for 40 years; Falco was also Cousteau's principal diver.

SUSPENDED
New Orleans Saints Jonathan Vilma, without pay for the 2012 season, for his role in the team's cash-for-pain bounty program; he's one of four players punished.

DIED
Amarillo Slim, 83, whose love of gambling and outsized personality led him to four World Series of Poker titles and made him one of the modern game's celebrities.

Rana Foroohar



Learning to Hate Big Tech

By being more corporate and less cool, IT firms are becoming as popular as banks

SBIG TECH REPLACING THE BIG BANKS and Wall Street as the corporate villains du jour? The spate of bad publicity in recent weeks for a number of large technology firms, most notably Apple, has me wondering. In the wake of a scandal over working conditions at factories it contracts with in China and criticism over job creation in the U.S., Apple is now playing defense on taxes. A New York Times story recently outlined the ways the company avoids shelling out more to the government by using a shell game of offices and operations in various no- and low-tax states, from Nevada to the Netherlands to the British Virgin Islands.

It's all perfectly legal, but as Mitt Romney can tell you, neither rich people nor rich corporations (they're the same thing, remember?) do very well on the popularity front from that way. No wonder Amazon struck an unexpected tax deal on April 27 with the state of Texas. The Internet retail behemoth had been refusing to collect sales tax from customers there since it has no store in the state. After a protracted legal battle, Amazon opted to pony up, and it also plans to build several distribution centers, thereby shifting its image from tax dodger to job creator. The company will have to begin collecting taxes in California as well this fall as part of a deal cut last September after a similar tussle with officials in that state.

THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER BIG TECH skirmishes under way. For a year, the Federal Trade Commission has been carrying out an antitrust investigation of Google, and the feds recently upped the ante by hiring a former prosecutor of the Oklahoma City bombing case to help run it. In February, right after Facebook filed to raise \$5 billion in an IPO, a large California

pension fund challenged the company over its corporate governance, citing a lack of diversity on the board and too much power concentrated in the hands of CEO Mark Zuckerberg, who controls about 57% of the voting stock.

So it's no surprise these companies are revving up their p.r. and lobbying engines. I think this is just the beginning of a longer-term shift in which technology replaces banking and finance as the in-



dustry most likely to worry government and the public. Sure, bankers are still rich, but they are wounded and in retreat. Profit margins are falling, boards are reining in their pay packages, and regulation, while not a perfect cure for the industry's ills, will ultimately go some way toward dampening the high-risk, high-reward business model of Wall Street.

Meanwhile, tech firms are flush: the Nasdaq tech-stock index isn't quite at 2000 bubble levels, but it's broken through last year's postrecovery peaks and is rising. It will be interesting to see if the Facebook IPO, scheduled for May, becomes a high-water mark for the industry.

The Facebook flotation will produce another batch of young Silicon Valley multimillionaires. And in the midst of an increasingly heated conversation about inequality, taxes and job creation, that's suddenly become dangerous territory to—pardon the pun—occupy. Steve Jobs was once quoted as asking, "Why join the Navy if you can be a pirate?" But when you are the most valuable company in the world, it's harder to play the rebel. The truth is that Big Tech is as corporate as it comes—and since Big Tech is also where most of the new growth and income creation in this country is right now, there's little doubt that these companies will draw more and more attention from regulators, tax collectors and social activists.

How well the industry defends

itself may depend on how many new jobs it can account for. After coming under fire for outsourcing, Apple recently published a study showing that it had "created or supported" 514,000 U.S. jobs, far more than the 47,000 Americans currently on its payroll. The study's methodology can be interpreted and spun many ways, but the bottom line is that this is going to become a more heated political issue in the years ahead. Technology has historically always created more jobs than it has destroyed. But the periods in which the creative destruction happens aren't pretty, and they tend to be characterized by high levels of inequality or social discontent—think Victorian England or the decades preceding the 1929 stock market crash in the U.S.

A number of academics, including folks at tech-friendly places like MIT and Stanford, believe we're entering one of those periods. That's why it will become crucial for Big Tech to prove that it's enriching the 99% as well as the 0.001%. As the folks on Wall Street know, social issues can very quickly become just as important as your social network.

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- IT IS WHAT WE WEAR** 451 POLO RALPH LAUREN
- IT IS WHAT WE EAT** 111 MCDONALD'S
- IT IS HOW WE PLAY** 262 GAMESTOP
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Bill Bradley



Citizens United

Monied interests increasingly run the government. Only voters can reverse that

IN NOVEMBER 2008, ON ELECTION night in Chicago, we made the mistake of believing that a leader can renew the country all by himself. Even someone who touched our hearts as deeply as Barack Obama cannot do it alone. A President can inspire and help mobilize us, but then you need the lieutenants and sergeants who make the dream operational. Clarity from leaders is necessary but not sufficient. Only when it is joined with commitment from citizens can great things happen. Democracy is not a vicarious experience.

In our current circumstances, our government is in danger of becoming a tool of entrenched and moneyed interests. Only the people can free our government from the clutches of those interests and put the country on the path to renewal. In the Internet age, apathy should not be an option. Citizens have to vote; for many, the vote is their most effective voice. But to vote wisely, citizens must take the time to become informed. Otherwise the future will be hijacked by a combination of greed, self-indulgence and excuse-making. The government will no longer belong to the people, and the people will suffer.

The Tea Party and Occupy Wall Street offer contrasting examples of citizen involvement. The Tea Party promulgated a very specific objective—roll back government—and immediately converted its energy into electoral politics. The result was that in 2010, 49 Tea Party Republicans won election to Congress. Through their leverage in the Republican caucus, they almost forced the country into bankruptcy during the debate on the debt limit in the summer of 2011. That's how quickly things can change. That's how easily the status quo can

crumble. Occupy, on the other hand, while full of passion and solidarity and armed with a catchy slogan—"We're the 99%"—failed to have much of an impact on policy because it had no specific objective. Some people argued that it was enough simply to point out inequality; a detailed program would have divided the movement. I say, better than an emotional movement that hesitates to develop a specific program is a specific program—like getting money out of



politics—that attracts emotion to it. Whether we like it or not, passion only goes partway. Remember Martin Luther King Jr. and LBJ. It took both of them, working together as they did, to transform America in the 1960s.

So how do these thoughts reflect on 2012? To begin, citizens should insist on a presidential campaign about the future, not a blamefest about the past. Candidates' narratives can have a historical dimension about how we got where we are, but the bulk of their story must be about the future. If what you hear is only blame or bromides, change the channel. Haven't we

had enough of those two things over the past 12 years?

Without leaders who level with the people about what needs to be done and how long it will take, there is no way to build support for the tough decisions necessary to solve our problems. People are tired of seeing moneyed interests dominate the House of Representatives—the people's house. They're tired of narrow interests raiding the U.S. Treasury in collusion with members of Congress who, when they leave office, are employed as lobbyists by the very industries whose interests they promoted in Congress. (The same applies in spades to congressional staff.) They're tired of seeing their Presidents appear at fundraisers and hedge their bets and compromise their beliefs to raise campaign money. People are tired of being taken for granted. They yearn for leaders who will level with them, not pander to them.

Now is the time for citizens to insist on answers to real questions and for the media to serve the public more diligently than they serve their advertisers. Now is the time for follow-up questions and enough airtime for candidates to lay out their programs. What, specifically, will they do about jobs, the deficit, political corruption? How do they see America's role in the world?

Now is the time for politicians to show us that they are more interested in doing something than in being somebody. There is a great difference between a leader and a celebrity. The nation has had enough of politicians fascinated with celebrity. What we need are courageous leaders who serve the public and not themselves, who devise a plan to save the country and fight for it because they know that the well-being of millions of Americans is at stake.

Bradley, a former three-term Democratic Senator from New Jersey, is the author of We Can All Do Better



Photo-Illustration of Bo Xilai by Miles Donovan for TIME

WORLD

MURDER, LIES, ABUSE OF POWER AND OTHER CRIMES OF THE CHINESE CENTURY

BY HANNAH BEECH/BEIJING

IN CHINA THESE DAYS, THE LAST REFUGE OF BOTH SCOUNDRELS AND HEROES IS TURNING OUT TO BE A U.S. DIPLOMATIC COMPOUND. TWO UNSCRIPTED BUT PARALLEL DASHES FOR SAFETY HAVE RIVETED THE WORLD

and, more important, have affirmed long-foreshadowed plot points in the narrative of the 21st century's would-be superpower: first, that the People's Republic is in the hands of an elite riddled with corruption and nepotism, and second, that those who crusade for the basic legal rights of the powerless must on occasion deal with feudal repression. Those elements have always lurked amid the often dazzling spectacle of modern China. Now two desperate men knocking at the doors of U.S. diplomats have ensured that China's shortcomings can no longer be ignored.

On Feb. 6, in the southwestern Chinese city of Chengdu, where the air is thick with the bouquet of the famous local chilies, the U.S. consulate fielded an unexpected visitor. Wang Lijun, police chief of the nearby megalopolis of Chongqing, was an infamous man. Having made his name as a swashbuckling crime buster, in his spare time he patented a sexy winter coat for female cops, oversaw autopsies on executed prisoners and reportedly eavesdropped on conversations of China's top leaders. For years Wang's patron was Bo Xilai, China's most charismatic politician, whose star seemed destined for the greatest heights of China's ruling Communist Party. But Wang had just had a falling out with Bo and presented a rather different image of him to stunned U.S. diplomats, spinning a tale of intrigue and deceit, with the Chongqing party boss at its center. The most explosive allegation was that Bo's wife Gu Kailai, a glamorous lawyer who had written a best-selling book called *Winning a Lawsuit in the U.S.*, was complicit in the murder of Neil Heywood, a British business consultant who had been found dead in Chongqing in November. The reason? The Englishman, who met Bo and Gu years ago, may have asked for too big a cut for funneling part of the Bo family's ill-gotten wealth overseas.

Then on April 27, in smog-choked Beijing, another Chinese fled into U.S. protection. Chen Guangcheng, a blind legal advocate who was named one of TIME's 100 most influential people in 2006, had been under extralegal house arrest since 2010 after spending years in jail. His offense? Defending women in Shandong province who were forced to undergo abortions or sterilizations in a misguided application of China's one-child family-planning policy. After scaling a wall under cover of darkness, he sneaked past the clutch of thugs who had guarded his stone farmhouse for years. He stumbled on for hours until, bloody and bedraggled, he rendezvoused with activists who spirited him to Beijing, 500 km away. In November, U.S. Secretary of State Hillary Clinton urged China's leaders to stop persecuting Chen, one of China's most respected activists. Suddenly, he was in the hands of the astonished Americans.

Wang's stay in the U.S. consulate ended after 24 hours. He pleaded unsuccessfully for asylum, walked out and was whisked away by Chinese security personnel. But the brief episode set in motion the downfall of his patron Bo in China's highest-

level political purge in two decades. In mid-April, Bo was suspended from the ruling 25-member Politburo, curtailing the career of a political and media sensation who courted Western businesspeople in English even as he pursued political campaigns redolent of Maoist nostalgia in Chongqing. His wife has been named a chief suspect in the "intentional homicide" of Heywood, who may have been poisoned by cyanide at a Chongqing holiday resort. Wang was bundled onto a plane to Beijing and hasn't been heard from since.

Meanwhile, after six days in U.S. custody, Chen left the embassy on May 2 and headed to a local hospital accompanied by U.S. Ambassador Gary Locke. The same day, Clinton arrived in Beijing for delicate economic talks. Intense negotiations between the Americans and Chinese had a precarious outcome: Chen would stay in China, reportedly being assured of his safety by the Chinese side. "I am pleased we were able to facilitate Chen Guangcheng's stay and departure from the U.S. embassy in a way that reflected his choices and our values," Clinton said in a statement. "The United States government and the American people are committed to remaining engaged with Mr. Chen and his family in the days, weeks and years ahead." But that carefully calibrated compromise was immediately tilted when Chen told friends and media on Wednesday evening that he now wanted to leave China and that there had been threats against his wife if he remained in the embassy.

The fallout from these twin tales—that of a purged party boss and a courageous activist—will have profound implications for U.S.-China relations. The quests for refuge by Wang and Chen have dragged the U.S. into what Beijing refers to as internal affairs and could feed into the delusions of Chinese

'THIS IS A PIVOTAL MOMENT FOR U.S. HUMAN-RIGHTS DIPLOMACY. IF THERE IS A REASON CHINESE DISSIDENTS REVERE THE U.S., IT IS FOR A MOMENT LIKE THIS.'

—BOB FU, PRESIDENT OF CHINA AID



THE BLIND ACTIVIST

hard-liners who see America's meddling hand everywhere. But more important, the consequences of the two cases may indicate the path China's future leaders will take. Will they kick up political and legal reform? Or indulge in knee-jerk defenses of the party's mandate to rule China? The audience in the country itself is now more engaged than ever. "These [two] events are like lava, these eruptions of disaffection that pop up like gushers," says Orville Schell, head of the Center on U.S.-China Relations at the Asia Society in New York City. "In an open society, when these things happen, nobody notices. But in a controlled society they take on enormous symbolic importance and thus can become very toxic."

The trajectory of China at the dawn of the 21st century was supposed to be simple. An ancient civilization was reclaiming its rightful place on the international stage, reveling in its new status as the second largest economy in the world. This fall the country will begin a once-a-decade leadership transition that will likely see President Hu Jintao replaced by Vice President Xi Jinping, 58, a member of the Communist Party aristocracy whose father was a Red Army guerrilla turned proponent of the economic reforms that

have transformed China. The leadership handover to a so-called princeling was to be solemn, momentous and, above all, a display of stability in a nation with a history of bloody transfers of power. The party had reinvented itself as an economic juggernaut that shielded China from the global financial crisis. Surely it could manage an orchestrated handover of power?

But the cases of Chen and Bo have pulled China off script. A leadership that prefers to shroud its decisionmaking in secrecy has been forced to deal with unexpected crises that speak to the manifold issues facing the incoming crop of communist rulers—massive abuse of power and corruption within party ranks, a stunning lack of rule of law in a nation obsessed with bureaucracy, and an increasingly restive, wired populace no longer content to accept the say-so of government propagandists. As the party struggles with damage control, the world has gotten a peek at the vicious infighting that belies the leadership's preferred image of itself as a unified force. Says Dali Yang, a professor of political science at the University of Chicago: "There is a growing number of people frustrated with the government's effort to maintain stability at all costs, and yet their voices have not been heard."

The last time China was so riven was back in 1989. No one's predicting a repeat of the Tiananmen tragedy. But this time around, what happens in China matters for the rest of the world beyond just the moral outrage over students gunned down by government forces. China is now the largest foreign holder of U.S. debt, the second biggest consumer of luxury products and the planet's top buyer of gold and mobile phones. Its middle class will soon be larger than the entire American population. But China's continued upward march depends on the machinations of a clutch of men who know they cannot indefinitely maintain the high growth rates they have used to persuade the country's citizens to remain politically pliant. "Just as many Americans were beginning to wonder whether maybe the Chinese model does have some merit, maybe it's more effective than our clumsy democracy, then these things happen," says Schell. "It shows that China, too, has its dysfunctional side."

The Prince of the Princelings

NO MAN EXEMPLIFIES MODERN CHINA'S contradictions—and curious turns of fate—more than Bo Xilai, 62. The son of one of the Communist Party's Eight

Immortals, Bo enjoyed a childhood of privilege. But his life was upended in 1966 when Chairman Mao Zedong unleashed the Cultural Revolution. Bo's father was purged (although later rehabilitated), and his mother died under mysterious circumstances. Tossed out of school, Bo adapted to a new life as a fervent Red Guard; one version of events has him denouncing his father. Whatever really happened, Bo emerged from that chaotic period a fiercely ambitious man. After divorcing his first wife, he married Gu, the daughter of a revolutionary general. That seemed to cement his political pedigree, and he was dispatched to the coastal city of Dalian to test his leadership skills.

While there—and later as party boss of Liaoning province where Dalian is located—Bo came into his own. Unlike other, wooden Chinese leaders who mostly studied engineering in college, the former journalism student perfected the art of the sound bite. He positioned Dalian as a green, inviting city open for foreign business. Evidently enjoying the trappings of power, he liked to show off how he could start up a fountain in the main square below his office via remote control. But even as investment flowed in, Dalian residents whispered about the Bo family's excesses. Dozens of his foes, from political rivals to nosy journalists, ended up in jail. His wife, meanwhile, was involved in business ventures that seemed to profit from her proximity to power.

Bo Guagua, their son, enjoyed an upbringing completely at odds with the ascetic virtues of communism. He was the first mainland Chinese citizen to attend the prestigious British boarding school Harrow, and he later completed an undistinguished turn at Oxford University (from which he was suspended for one year for "the academic reason of not working hard enough," according to the university's press office) before arriving at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government in 2010. While at Oxford, Bo showed that he shared his father's taste for political theater, coaxing martial-arts star Jackie Chan to appear with him onstage and cajoling other Chinese students to vote for him in an election for a leadership position at a university debating society. (He lost, even though, contemporaries say, he bought umbrellas for fellow students during a rainstorm and threw champagne-fueled parties.)

Since 2001, when China began allowing entrepreneurs into the Communist Party, the antics of the red aristocracy have fascinated and horrified the Chinese public—the multimillion-dollar houses abroad; the plush positions at state-owned enterprises; the expectation, as in a famous case involving the son of a top policeman, that they can just walk away from fatal traffic accidents. (Together, the richest 70 members of China's rubber-stamp parliament are worth \$90 billion, according to the Shanghai-based wealth monitor Hurun Report.) Yet during the same period, a sustained economic boom notwithstanding, the Chinese populace has watched wages decline as a percentage of China's GDP. "This is the irony of China's transformation," says Kenneth Lieberthal, a China expert at the Brookings Institution in Washington and a former China adviser to Bill Clinton. The linkage of money and political power is intimate. If the Chinese Communist Party were called what it really is, it would be called the Chinese Capitalist Bureaucratic Party."

After a smooth turn as China's Commerce Secretary, Bo Xilai was dispatched in 2007 to Chongqing, a 30-million-strong mountain-ringed metropolis in southwestern China. There the Bo myth grew into legend, as he ordered a campaign of "singing red" (warbling Cultural Revolution-style ditties en masse to instill a sense of pride in Chongqing residents) and "smashing black" (cracking down on organized crime through the strong-arm tactics of police chief Wang). Even though he was technically only a governor of a faraway municipality, Bo garnered coverage from China's state

controlled press that outshined that of many of the nine-member Standing Committee that rules China. In 2010, China's presumptive heir, Xi Jinping, visited Bo's fief and praised its model of development, which mixed paens to income equality with socialist nostalgia. Bo fashioned himself into a populist strongman in a country where leaders tend to deflect attention and hide from the public. "If you're in charge of the media, the courts, the police, all the way from the street sweepers to the skyscrapers," says James McGregor, a Beijing-based senior counselor for consulting firm APCO Worldwide who has met Bo, "it's probably hard not to think you're above everything."

But just as in Dalian, cracks appeared in the Bo facade. How could a government official whose monthly salary was only about \$1,600 inveigh against corruption when his own family was living so luxuriously? What motivated a man whose early life was devastated by the Cultural Revolution to send mass text messages to local cell phones that repeated quotations from Mao's Little Red Book? Was the much vaunted crackdown on Chongqing crime—which resulted in thousands of arrests and the execution of Wang's predecessor as police chief—also a ploy to kneecap his enemies and flout the judicial process?

When Wang made his mad dash to the U.S. consulate, the whisper campaign against Bo gathered force. In Beijing the powers that be, who worried that Bo's populism bordered on demagoguery, seized their chance: a man whose lieutenant had blabbed to the Americans surely could not be promoted in the fall to the Standing Committee. Bo, once touted as a new breed of Chinese ruler, a fitting leader for a resurgent nation, was finished. "Bo Xilai had great ambitions, but he misjudged China," says Wang Kang, a Chongqing businessman who has emerged as a suspiciously knowledgeable source of information on the official Bo investigation. "He was trying to be a second Chairman Mao. Who can tolerate that?"

Ambition in a country that values faceless conformity among its rulers may have been Bo's ultimate sin. But the details surrounding his fall are so sensational, they could hardly be imagined in a Hollywood screenplay, much less the rigid script the Communist Party was following in the months before the leadership transition.

'IF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY WERE CALLED WHAT IT REALLY IS, IT WOULD BE CALLED THE CHINESE CAPITALIST BUREAUCRATIC PARTY.'

—KENNETH LIEBERTHAL,
BROOKINGS INSTITUTION



Gu stands accused of murdering Heywood, and Bo has been charged with "serious disciplinary violations." Bo Guagua is in hiding in the U.S. The latest unsubstantiated rumors floating around the Internet, which, tellingly, have not been scrubbed by China's scrupulous censors, speculate that Gu may have helped dispatch Heywood with poisoned soup. Foreign media and overseas Chinese groups have reportedly uncovered a global business empire worth hundreds of millions of dollars run by Bo's brothers, Gu's sisters, and various cronies.

Clearly, China's central leadership wants to delete Bo from its future, just as it clumsily airbrushed other purged leaders from group photos decades ago. But it

must do so without implicating the entire Communist Party. "Absolute power brings absolute corruption," says Guo Yukuan, a Beijing commentator. "It's very common for Chinese officials of every level to be corrupt, and everyone knows this is a cost of the system." Last year China's central bank released a report that estimated that from the mid-1990s through the first half of 2008, up to 18,000 people associated with the state had absconded abroad with the equivalent of nearly \$127 billion at today's exchange rate.

Days after publication, the report was removed from the bank's website, but not before Chinese bloggers seized upon it. Some 500 million Chinese are online, and with the official media muzzled by cen-

sorship, they are using China's version of Twitter, Sina Weibo, to make themselves heard. "Before, there was only one channel of information in China," says Yao Bo, who each day aggregates the juicier Bo Xilai rumors he finds online, some of which have proved true. "The Internet is the best gift that God has given China." The cat-and-mouse game between China's censors and its online population can reach comic proportions. Over the past few weeks, Internet searches blocked in China have included *Ferrari* (the car that Bo Guagua was rumored to have once driven; it turns out he favors other brands like Porsche) and *UA8g8* (the flight Chen Guangcheng was incorrectly rumored to have taken from Beijing into exile to the U.S.).



THE BO CLAN This party全家福 (family photo) from 2005 shows Chen Guangcheng (center) with his wife, Bo Xilai (left), and their son, Chen Guanyu (right).

China's leadership, spurred by all this online chatter, has had to react much faster to the Bo scandal than it is used to doing. It took years before China fully addressed the fact that one of its purged heirs apparent had died in a mysterious 1971 plane crash. But the other lesson from the Bo affair—that the party, by its own admission, is riddled with corruption and that immense abuse of power occurs at the highest levels of government—is less heartening. Says Jean-Pierre Cabestan, a politics professor at Hong Kong Baptist University: "You can't have checks and balances with a one-party system."

Blinding Insight

IF BO XILAI IS THE EPITOME OF THE Communist Party's excesses of power, then Chen Guangcheng is the voice of China's powerless. Born among the fertile orchards of Shandong province, not far from Confucius' hometown, Chen was blinded by a fever as a small child. His farm-boy roots and his disability were supposed to condemn him to a life of quiet servitude, perhaps as a masseur. But he had other plans. Even though he didn't step into a classroom until age 13, he persevered and ended up studying traditional Chinese medicine at a big-city university. While there, he pushed boundaries, auditing law classes even though the blind were not allowed to major in that subject. Few paid attention to the handsome man in sunglasses sitting among them, but Chen believed in the sanctity of the legal system and was determined to understand how the law worked. After returning to his hometown of Linyi, he began representing locals who felt wronged by officialdom.

Chen's leap from obscure legal activist to nationwide icon came in 2005. He had already been written up by local media as a heartwarming example of a disabled man overcoming obstacles. But that year he began representing hundreds of Linyi women who had been forced to undergo sterilizations or abortions by local family-planning officials. One woman, whom I met with Chen's help, described how she had been strapped to a bed by officials who injected poison into her belly two days before her due date. A few hours later, she delivered a lifeless girl. The officials then placed the infant in a bucket filled with water to make sure she was dead.

What Linyi officials were doing was against China's family-planning laws. By then, if Chinese families were willing to pay fines, they were technically allowed to have more children. But the political system in China is still set up so that promotions of local officials are compromised if they oversee places with large numbers of extra births. Chen was hopeful that he could persuade central-government officials to rein in the Linyi cadres. "He wants to use the system as it's legally prescribed," says Jerome Cohen, a co-director of New York University's U.S.-Asia Law Institute who helped Chen train 200 other legal activists from the Linyi region in 2005. "He's not a dissident in that regard."

But in September 2005, just hours after one of my meetings with him, Chen was picked up in Beijing by Linyi security officials who hustled him into a car and drove him home. From that point on, his life was spent under lock and key. In 2006, he was sentenced to four years in

jail for "disturbing traffic" and "destroying property," particularly inventive charges, since he was under house arrest when he supposedly committed those crimes. When he was released in 2010, he enjoyed no freedom. Instead, he and his immediate family were placed under a house arrest that the central government refused to admit was in place. When diplomats and activists tried to visit him, hoodlums repelled them with stones and fists. They also subjected Chen and his wife to beatings.

For months, Chen had been planning his escape from a confinement for which there was no legal justification. Staying in bed for hours at a time, he got the sentinels outside accustomed to his long hours out of sight. He had evaded the guards once before. In 2005 when he made his ill-fated journey to Beijing, local hooligans had tried to keep him at home. But he sneaked out at night because, as he told me, darkness confers an advantage to the blind. Throwing handfuls of pebbles into a cornfield to confuse the men pursuing him, he and a nephew made their way to a waiting car. This time, on the evening of April 22, the plan was similarly daring. Chen climbed a wall around his house and tiptoed past the security presence that he believes received \$9.5 million in funding over the years. During the long hours of his escape, he fell as many as 200 times and injured his leg. "Chen was covered with mud and blood and water," says Bob Fu, president of ChinaAid and a friend of Chen's. "He was a very wounded man, except in spirit."

For the Americans, denying asylum to former top cop Wang, with all his political baggage, probably wasn't a tough call. But Chen, an unblemished character who has never called for the party's overthrow, had told U.S. officials while under their protection that as long as his family was safe, he preferred to stay in China. Instead of the ambiguous existence of an exile, Chen wanted to continue his legal advocacy on behalf of people whose basic rights are enshrined in China's constitution. "The masses see their only hope is to invoke legal protections," says Cohen. "They have nothing. They're not party members. They don't have access. They have no money, so they can't bribe people. Their only defense is words on a piece of paper."

Now that he claims threats from the Chinese side, Chen may again show how

vulnerable ordinary Chinese are to their rulers. In Beijing, Clinton had already hinted at the pitfalls of trusting a government that has a poor history of protecting activists. "Mr. Chen has a number of understandings with the Chinese government about his future, including the opportunity to pursue higher education in a safe environment. Making these commitments a reality is the next crucial task." Ensuring them may be harder than ever.

Already Chen has become a political lightning rod in the U.S. "This Administration has been very weak on China," says Representative Frank Wolf, a Virginia Republican and longtime critic of the Chinese government. "I think they're afraid of the Chinese." Wolf's statement and similar words by other critics reflect an enduring tension in U.S. foreign policy between protecting strategic interests and defending the democratic principles that Americans believe make their nation exceptional.

U.S.-China relations have enjoyed stability in recent months, despite Washington's grumbling over Beijing's vocal territorial claims in the South China Sea. Wang's asylum attempt was resolved quickly, allowing Xi Jinping to enjoy a successful visit to Washington, where he and Obama bonded over a shared love of basketball. China went along with a U.N. condemnation of North Korea's recent rocket launch, and Beijing and Washington appear willing to join—perhaps for the first time—in sensitive negotiations on Iran's nuclear program. And perhaps most significant, China has agreed to widen the yuan's trading band, bringing hope that U.S. business can compete with Chinese exports made even cheaper by an undervalued currency. Yet Beijing-Washington ties are fragile. After Chen left U.S. custody, Chinese Foreign Ministry spokesman Liu Weimin said, "China requests that the U.S. apologize over this issue, thoroughly investigate this matter and hold responsible the people involved and guarantee that things like this will not happen again."

But China has lost face during the Chen episode. A state obsessed with stability can only be humiliated when a blind man evades what is supposed to be the world's most comprehensive security apparatus, one that received \$100 billion in funding last year, according to official figures. Beijing has been responding to

SAFE HAVEN

In recent history, groups and individuals on the outs with foreign governments have sought refuge at U.S. diplomatic missions



CARDINAL JOSEPH MINDSZENTY

Budapest, 1956-71
Sentenced to life in prison for treason in 1949, the Catholic leader was released during the Hungarian revolution. When the Soviets invaded, he was given asylum in the U.S. embassy, where he lived for 15 years as what Pope Paul VI called a "victim of history."

SIERRIAN PENTECOSTALISTS

Moscow, 1978-83
The Siberian Seven were members of two families seeking to emigrate from the Soviet Union to escape persecution. The worshippers rushed past Soviet guards into the U.S. embassy in Moscow, where they lived in a basement, sharing two beds. They were allowed to leave in 1983 and eventually ended up in the U.S.

ANTI-APARTHEID ACTIVISTS

Johannesburg, 1988
Having been detained without charges for more than a year, Murphy Morobe and Mohammed Valli Moosa, leaders of the United Democratic Front, and Yusumuzi Philip Kanyile, chairman of the banned National Education Crisis Committee, took refuge for 37 days at the U.S. consulate in a downtown office building. On Nelson Mandela's advice, they left, satisfied that they had publicized the detention of 1,300 other dissidents.

FANG LIZHI

Beijing, 1989-90
The astrophysicist, whose ideas helped inspire pro-democracy protests, took refuge with his wife as the government cracked down in Tiananmen Square. They remained in the U.S. embassy for more than a year, after which they were allowed to depart via a U.S. Air Force transport plane. Fang died in Tucson in April 2012.

DEMOCRACY-RIGHTS WORKERS

Cairo, 2012
Feared arrest, Americans under investigation by Egyptian authorities sought refuge in the U.S. embassy in January. On March 1 they were permitted to leave Egypt after the government rescinded a travel ban on U.S. NGO workers and their ball was paid.

the crises by buttressing its legitimacy. In recent weeks, in response to the Bo imbroglio, the state controlled media has foisted on a cynical public clumsy articles on the need for party unity. Then on April 24, the government's mouthpiece *People's Daily* published a speech by China's security czar, Zhou Yongkang, insisting that the law in China "should always adhere to the party's cause first ... and determinedly resist forces hostile to China's socialist political system, as well as erroneous political views in the West." For China's embattled corps of lawyers, this mockery of rule of law is nothing new. "The government often breaks the law, using the excuse of maintaining stability," says Beijing lawyer Liu Xiaoyuan, who has defended high-profile dissidents like artist Ai Weiwei.

What must surely spook China's leaders is the passion of a motley group of activists who met online and were spurred by Chen's case to pursue a justice that China's legal framework promises. These are not veteran dissidents or political provocateurs like 2010 Nobel Peace Prize winner Liu Xiaobo or artistic agitator Ai He Peirong, the woman who picked up Chen in Shandong this April and drove him to Beijing, is a mild-mannered English teacher who first went online in 2008 only to discover an alternate reality in which Tiananmen wasn't just a square but a bloody stain on modern Chinese politics. Another of Chen's supporters manufactures sex toys for export to the U.S.—and now also makes Chen Guangcheng bumper stickers.

But crackdowns inevitably ensue. "When there's instability at the top, [China's] leaders worry that social groups will feel the freedom to act more boldly," says David Zweig, a political-science professor at Hong Kong University of Science and Technology. True to form, the dragnet widened in the days after the Bo and Chen affairs. Dozens of people connected to Bo have disappeared, presumably into official custody. Those who helped Chen's escape, including He, were hustled away too. As China prepares to welcome its new leaders to the helm, the coming days will doubtless see further repression—and perhaps more scandalous details of high-level skulduggery. —WITH REPORTING BY CHENGCHENG JIANG, JESSIE JIANG AND AUSTIN RAMZY/BEIJING, VANESSA KO/HONG KONG, ANOOSH CHAKELIAN/LONDON AND JAY NEWTON-SMALL/WASHINGTON ■

BO XILAI AND THE RETURN OF POLITICS

CHINA PROSPERED IN PART BECAUSE IT PURGED ITSELF OF REAL POLITICIANS. THAT'S OVER

By Fareed Zakaria



THE STORM OVER THE
blind activist Chen
Guangcheng has
understandably
captured the world's

attention in the past week. But an event of much greater significance remains the ouster of Bo Xilai, the powerful party boss of Chongqing. The rise and fall of Bo is part of a much larger and potentially disruptive trend in China—the return of politics to the Chinese Communist Party.

We don't much think of the party as a political organization these days. It is dominated by technocrats obsessed with economic and engineering challenges. These men—and they are almost all men—are comfortable talking about detailed economic and technical data, but they are not skilled politicians, adept at handling large crowds or palace intrigue. This apolitical system is a recent phenomenon and the outcome of a conscious decision by the founder of modern China, Deng Xiaoping.

When the Chinese communists took power in 1949, the party was dominated by charismatic revolutionaries and military leaders. Court politics, intrigue, ideological posturing and mass politics were pervasive in the new regime, and its leader, Mao Zedong, was a master politician. In 1957 he launched the "antirightist campaign," which was followed by the Great Leap Forward, which was followed by the Cultural Revolution, all designed to divide and destroy his opponents and consolidate his power.

Mao also kept his lieutenants in constant turmoil. Just before the Cultural Revolution, Beijing published a list of the 26 top officials in China. Two years later, only 13 remained in office, the others having been purged. Defense Minister Lin Biao, once designated as Mao's successor, tried to flee the country and was killed. Hyperpolitics persisted after Mao's death. The new head

of the party ordered the arrest of the radical Gang of Four, who were said to have been perpetrators of the Cultural Revolution. They were tried, convicted and imprisoned.

It was against this backdrop that Deng took power in the late 1970s and 1980s. Deng was determined to end the high drama of Chinese political life and focus on economic development. He wanted to turn the party into a professional organization run by technocrats, mostly engineers. He required them to have been top students who subsequently showed skill in practical problem solving. He



even changed the tone of party meetings, which had been devoted to long-winded ideological speeches, saying in 1980, "If you don't have anything to say, save your breath ... The only reason to hold meetings and to speak at them is to solve problems."

The party was soon transformed. By 1985, the Central Committee was dominated by younger college graduates and the Politburo's Standing Committee, the country's ruling elite, were all engineers. That tradition of technocracy has persisted. A party whose history is tied to peasants, workers and soldiers is now the most elitist operation in the

world. Its system of promotion favors engineers, economists and management experts over anyone with grassroots political skills. For two decades, China has been run like a company, not a country.

Eventually, politics had to re-emerge. China has reached a level of growth and development at which the big questions it faces are not technical engineering puzzles but deep political, philosophical ones.

Bo represented the revival of politics in at least two ways. In a system of colorless men, he was charismatic, conniving and political. He was comfortable in front of crowds, eager to push himself forward, and he rubbed against the grain of consensus decisionmaking. Money was, as in U.S. politics, the grease that smoothed Bo's rise. But he also represented the "new left," an ideological movement that emphasized social and cultural solidarity, the power of the state and other populist issues. Whether he truly believed in these stances is irrelevant. Like all good political entrepreneurs, he saw a market for these ideas in modern China and filled it. And there are other would-be leaders—military nationalists, economic liberals, even more full-throated populists—who are debating China's future furiously, though privately, in Beijing and Shanghai.

Bo's ouster is the most significant purge in the party's top ranks since Tiananmen Square. The party may hope that the People's Republic, as it did after that earlier upheaval, can return to its efficient and steady technocratic path. But China has changed too much. And politics in China is xenophobic, populist, nationalist, messy and certainly unpredictable—like politics everywhere.

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LEARNING T

Dismissed by the left, vocational schools are making a comeback with new approaches that push kids to graduate—and get them jobs too

BY JOE KLEIN



WHAT WORKS



Animal-science students watch as an injured bull is rotated to treat a wounded hoof

CLYDE MCBRIDE IS ONE OF those everyday saints who, without much fanfare, go about the work of changing, and sometimes saving, the lives of children. He teaches agricultural science on the Navajo reservation in Kayenta, Ariz. He's a memorable-looking fellow, with his cowboy hat, horsehide tie and a body like a giant sack of flour perched on tiny toothpick legs. His most notable characteristic, though, is his persistence. When a new school superintendent arrived in town a few years ago, McBride parked himself on the guy's doorstep. "He came in and gave me the 'I have a dream' speech," says superintendent Harry Martin. "I told him I'd think about it, but he wouldn't let me think about it. He was bug-ging me three, four times a week about it."

McBride's dream was a state-of-the-art agricultural-sciences building with two veterinary operating theaters—one for small animals and one for large ones—to train Navajo kids to be veterinary aides and technicians and perhaps even to start a few of them down the road to becoming veterinarians. "I thought it was a waste of money and time," Martin told me. "I'm an old English teacher. I was very skeptical about vocational education. We needed to be drilling them on basic skills. But McBride said he'd make a believer out of me. And he did."

Two years later, with the \$2.4 million agricultural- and technical-sciences building up and running, Martin says, "It's without doubt the best program we have. It's an alternative way to teach them math, science and reading. They love it. They're attentive, working hard, hands on." McBride imports veterinarians from around the country to visit the reservation and work with the 226 students, who assist in both operating theaters, prepping animals for surgery and learning how to suture, draw blood and give injections. The veterinary clinic has become a valued resource on the reservation, but more than that, the academic results have been spectacular. "Nearly every one of these kids passed the state comprehensive test we give to 17-year-olds in Arizona," Martin told me. "Less than about 40% of my non-vocational-education students passed."

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION USED TO BE where you sent the dumb kids or the supposed misfits who weren't suited for classroom learning. It began to fall out



From left, fire-science students learn through live fire, hands-on training; McBride; medical-assisting students at East Valley's mock surgery center learn about surgical-team roles, tools and technologies

of fashion about 40 years ago, in part because it became a civil rights issue; vocational was seen as a form of segregation, a convenient dumping ground for minority kids in Northern cities. "That was a real problem," former New York City schools chancellor Joel Klein told me. "And the vocational programs were pretty awful. They weren't training the kids for specific jobs or for certified skills. It really was a waste of time and money."

Unfortunately, the education establishment's response to the vocational problem only made things worse. Over time, it morphed into the theology that every child should go to college (a four-year liberal-arts college at that) and therefore every child should be required to pursue a college prep course in high school. The results have been awful. High school dropout rates continue to be a national embarrassment. And most high school graduates are not prepared for the world of work. The unemployment rate for recent high school graduates who are not in school is a stratospheric 33%. The results for even those who go on to higher educa-

tion are brutal: four-year colleges graduate only about 40% of the students who start them, and two-year community colleges graduate less than that, about 23%. "College for everyone has become a matter of political correctness," says Diane Ravitch, a professor of education at New York University. "But according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, less than a quarter of new job openings will require a bachelor of arts degree. We're not training our students for the jobs that actually exist." Meanwhile, the U.S. has begun to run out of welders, glaziers and auto mechanics—the people who actually keep the place running.

In Arizona and more than a few other states, that is beginning to change. Indeed, the old notion of vocational education has been stood on its head. It's now called career and technical education (CTE), and it has become a pathway that even some college-bound advanced-placement students are pursuing. About 27% of the students in Arizona opt for the tech-ed path, and they are more likely to score higher on the state's aptitude tests, graduate from



high school and go on to higher education than those who don't. "It's not rocket science," says Sally Downey, superintendent of the spectacular East Valley Institute of Technology in Mesa, Ariz., 98.5% of whose students graduate from high school. "It's just finding something they like and teaching it to them with rigor." Actually, it's a bit more than that: it's developing training programs that lead to jobs or recognized certification, often in partnership with local businesses. Auto shop at East Valley, for example, looks a lot different from the old jalopy that kids in my high school used to work on. There are 40 late-model cars and the latest in diagnostic equipment, donated by Phoenix auto dealers, who are desperate for trained technicians. "If you can master the computer-science and electronic components," Downey says, "you can make over \$100,000 a year as an auto mechanic."

Arizona has another, rather unusual advantage. Its state education superintendent, John Huppenthal, went to high school in Tucson on the voc-ed track. "It

was considered the path for losers, but I didn't know any better," says Huppenthal, a Republican who was elected to the state-wide post. "I came from a family of machinists. I didn't know anybody who'd gone to college, and I was happy in wood shop. I remember making a chess set, a very complicated project that really made mathematics come alive for me." He also happened to be a state champion wrestler with pretty good test scores, and his coach encouraged him to study engineering at Northern Ari-

zona University. "I really believe that some form of CTE is essential for a world-class education," he says. "Most students respond better to a three-dimensional learning process. It's easier to learn engineering by actually building a house—which my family did when I was a kid, by the way—than sitting in a classroom figuring out the process of the abstract. Some students can respond to two-dimensional learning, but most respond better when it's hands on. Every surgeon needs to know how to sew, saw and drill."

Precise statistics are sparse; it's difficult to keep track of students after they leave high school. But Carolyn Warner, a former Arizona schools chancellor, says tech-track students "are more focused, so they're more likely to graduate from two- and four-year colleges. Those who graduate from high school with a certificate technical expertise in a field like auto repair or welding are certainly more likely to find jobs."

Still, Huppenthal finds vocational school is a tough sell to the state's education establishment. "It doesn't have the prestige of a

TECH SCHOOL WAS ONCE THE PLACE YOU SENT KIDS WHO WERE UNSUITED FOR CLASSROOMS. NO MORE

Help Wanted

A sampling of fast-growing fields that do not require a bachelor's degree

SOURCE: BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS



college prep course," he says, "and it costs a lot more than two-dimensional education to do it right." Traditionally, Democrats have tended to be opposed on ideological grounds. They're the strongest believers in college for everyone. Republicans are reluctant to spend the money on state-of-the-art equipment like the veterinary center on the Navajo reservation, although some concede that CTE programs that prepare students for actual jobs are a good idea. "It's like walking in a hurricane," says Huppenthal. "You know where you want to be going, but the winds keep pushing you off course."

But CTE is beginning to produce its own weather systems—human tornadoes like McBride and Downey, the superintendent at East Valley, who is smart and passionate and extremely pushy, constantly working the business community in Phoenix for help in starting training programs. There are 38 programs on her campus, with more coming. There are firefighter, police and EMT programs; a state-of-the-art kitchen for culinary services training; and welding (which can pay \$48 per hour), aeronautics, radio-station, marketing and massage-therapy instruction. ("We have a lot of resorts around here," Downey explains, "and our students often work part time as masseurs to earn money for college.") Almost all of these courses lead to professional certificates in addition to high school diplomas, and many of the students are trained by employers for needed technical specialties. None of her 3,200 students are full time. They spend half a day, usually afternoons, at East Valley and receive academic training at 35 different home high schools in the mornings.

"Look at this," Downey says as she shows me a fully stocked medical laboratory. "We got \$1.5 million from Veterans Affairs to run a program for surgical assistants, and they gave us a teacher to teach it."

The premedical and nursing students here are dressed in scrubs. Downey barges into a classroom and begins polling the students. "How many of you are going on to some form of higher education?" Almost everyone's hand goes up. "How many of you are taking advanced placement programs in your home high schools?" A scattering of hands. "How many of you have had to make sacrifices to come here?" Again, a forest of hands. Most of the sacrifices involve hours of travel and having to give up extracurricular activities. "And how many of you were discouraged from doing this by your local high schools?" About half. The home high schools tend to have the standard biases against vocational education—that it's a waste of time, that it takes away from the academic experience.

"The public school system also has a civic purpose," says Jonathan Zimmerman, an education historian at New York University, citing a common academic argument against vocational education. "You're not just preparing people to work. You're preparing people to be citizens. In a democracy, you need citizens who can think critically." But people with jobs, especially skilled jobs, tend to be better citizens than those without them. And the teamwork involved in the training programs at East Valley and on the Navajo reservation tends to help create a sense of

community. "In my home high school, you're sitting in a room with 30 other students who don't care, trying to pay attention to a teacher who doesn't care," says Aaron Pietryga, who is training to become a firefighter. "But [East Valley] is like my family. Most of the kids at my home school don't have any idea what I'm doing in the afternoon, and when I explain it to them, they say, 'Wow, you're doing all that cool stuff, and you're going to college. Why didn't I know about that?'"

ON A RECENT CHILLY MORNING AT THE Navajo reservation, McBride was giving Huppenthal and me a hands-on tour of his veterinary facility. Husband-and-wife veterinarians from Pittsburgh had volunteered their services for a few days and were spaying a dog in the small animal operating theater, with the help of students in blue surgical scrubs. "They're very good," says Sharon Wirtz, one of the vets. "They have an exceptional feel for this, especially with the larger animals," like sheep and horses. Students were suturing bananas and injecting oranges with red dye for practice. Recently a pack of wild dogs attacked some sheep on the reservation, and McBride took some students to care for them. "Some of these kids suture better than I do," he says. "It brings tears to my eyes."

But his real triumph wasn't in teaching the Navajo the technical skills. These students also knew how to make an impression; they had learned the soft skills necessary to be good employees. They looked you in the eye, introduced themselves and shook your hand (which was universally true at East Valley as well). This was striking, given the history of depression and despair on the reservation. "These kids are thirsty. All you've got to do," McBride says, eyes brimming, "is let them drink."

'COLLEGE FOR EVERYONE HAS BECOME A MATTER OF POLITICAL CORRECTNESS.'

— DIANE RAVITCH,
NYU EDUCATION PROFESSOR

IF WE want desert cities to drink, where do we get fresh water?

*[Harvesting icebergs
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The Antarctic continent, accounting for more than 80 percent of the world's fresh water, naturally releases thousands of icebergs every year. French marine engineer Georges Mougin has long dreamed of towing these ice mountains across the globe — and realizing the massive potential of a global resource that would otherwise simply melt away.

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IF WE ask the right questions
we can change the world.

THE Wrestler

John Irving was the quintessential American novelist. Now he's poised to reclaim his title

BY BENJAMIN PERCY

HE SLAPS THE SIDE OF MY HEAD—TWICE, in quick succession—then hooks a hand behind my neck, and we lean hard into each other, our weight stuttering us one way, then the other. "Keep your elbows in," he says, his breath hot on my face. "Nothing's going to stop me from tearing into you except those elbows." He bullies his chest forward, and I block him with an elbow. "Good."

In a gym in midtown Toronto in February, I am wrestling John Irving. We are surrounded by treadmills, barbells, medicine balls. The floors are padded and the walls mirrored, our reflections grappling all around us hundreds of times over. Irving is 69 at this point, and though his hair has silvered and his mouth is creased by lines that look like parentheses, he works out several hours every day,

a self-proclaimed gym rat who moves like someone half his age, square-shouldered, thin-waisted.

He seizes my arm and twists it painfully inward so that my shoulder feels as if it may snap from its socket. I force my elbow up, which is exactly what he wants me to do, darting into the hole I make for him, dragging me down, slamming my body to the mat.

He whispers tenderly in my ear, "That's called a *duck under*."

My shoulder is paralyzed and my face flames with rug burn, but when Irving scrambles upright, holds out a hand, hoists me to my feet and says, "Let's try that again," I do as he says, because it's not every day that you get flung to the mat by one of the greatest writers of our time.

Bear country Longtime
resident of Anchorage, Gil
Adler is trying to tame New
Zealand's wild, woolly sheep.



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO IMAGINE THE AMERICAN—or international—literary landscape without John Irving. As his friend the novelist and physician Abraham Verghese says, "I can't think of anyone else who has endured in quite the same way: adored by a loyal and ever growing readership because he is capable of producing novels in steady succession, each of which becomes part of our cultural heritage."

In 1968, at the age of 26, Irving published his first novel, *Setting Free the Bears*. He is the author of 12 more, including *The World According to Garp*, *The Cider House Rules*, *A Prayer for Owen Meany* and *A Widow for One Year*. He has a trophy case of honors: a National Book Award (for *Garp*), an Oscar for Best Adapted Screenplay (for *Cider House*), his 1992 induction into the National Wrestling Hall of Fame. He has sold tens of millions of copies of his books, books that have earned descriptions like *epic* and *extraordinary* and *controversial* and *sexually brave*. And yet, unlike so many writers in the contemporary canon, he manages to write books that are both critically acclaimed and beloved for their sheer readability. He is as close as one gets to a contemporary Dickens in the scope of his celebrity and the level of his achievement; the two of us couldn't walk down the street or order a coffee in Toronto without his being hyperventilatingly recognized by a fan.

That success aside, there comes a point in anyone's life—whether they have spent their career as a mechanic, a postal worker, a banker, a writer—when they begin to account for a lifetime of work, its worth and impact. For Irving, that moment is now. He turned 70 in March. He and his wife are celebrating their 25th anniversary. Three decades have passed since he appeared on the cover of this magazine. And he has a new novel, *In One Person*, out May 8.

All of which make 2012 a year of reckoning. And quite possibly the year of his return.

These past few years—with the release of *The Fourth Hand*, *Until I Find You* and *Last Night in Twisted River* especially—his sales have dropped, and some reviewers have accused him of writing baggy, protracted plots. *In One Person* should silence them.

IRVING IS KNOWN FOR HIS SENSITIVE treatment of sexual outsiders. Dr. Larch,

Irving is as close as one gets to a contemporary Dickens in the scope of his celebrity and the level of his achievement



Academy man Irving with his screenwriting Oscar for *The Cider House Rules* in 2000

the saintly abortionist in *The Cider House Rules*, has sex only once in his life. The same goes for Jenny Fields, the heroine of *The World According to Garp*, who strips off her nurse's uniform and lowers herself onto a terminally wounded invalid not for pleasure or companionship but because she wishes to have a child on her own. The narrator of *A Prayer for Owen Meany* is referred to as "a non-practicing homosexual," and indeed, he seems to love Owen, even if he will never come out of the closet and say so.

Billy Abbott—the narrator, main character and, to use the term Irving invented for Jenny Fields, "sexual suspect" of *In One Person*—likes men and women. In Vermont in the 1950s, Billy says his bisexuality "meant that I would be categorized as more unreliable than usual by straight women, while at the same time (and for the same reason) I would never be en-

tirely trusted by gay men." There is some poetic justice to this. Irving's good friend the author and critic Edmund White says, "He's always been bi-curious as a storyteller. Rounding up all his misfits in his novels who prove to be sympathetic and compelling characters could populate a Key West bar."

It's true that *In One Person*, with its many gay and transgender characters, is not a departure for Irving; his familiar touches are everywhere—in the settings (New England, Vienna), the wrestling (Billy learns the duck under for self-defense), the absent father, the protagonist who becomes a writer, the delirious treatment of humor and pathos. But it is also a daring novel, politically charged, infused with tenderness and forgiveness and love—between parents and children, between lovers, between friends.

Life is so hard for sexual outsiders, Irving says, and it makes him love them all the more. Which is what he told his youngest son Everett when Everett revealed he was gay: "I love you all the more."

ON THIS MATTER, IRVING WISHES TO BE very careful and clear. He began taking notes on the novel in 2002, long before he even knew Everett was gay. He did not write *In One Person* because he has a beloved gay son, and the novel is not about having a gay son.

Readers have a tendency to want to find the truth in fiction, to interpret the characters as veiled versions of the writer. "Billy Abbott's experiences are not based on my experiences or my son's," Irving says. But he acknowledges that the fiction might potentially be helpful in imparting some truths. "Probably, because Everett is my son, I must have felt more urgency about making *In One Person* my next novel—about writing it sooner rather than later, about wanting Everett to read it while he was still in his late teens or early 20s."

Irving is famous for his endings; he always conceives his final sentences before he begins a book. Two transgender women are the heroes of this novel, and in the final passage, one of them, Miss Frost, says to Billy, "My dear boy, don't put a label on me—don't make me a category, before you get to know me!"

Irving says that making too big a



Up in arms. Irving with
Robin Williams on the
set of *Garp* in 1982.

deal over Everett's connection to a novel about sexual tolerance or failing to see this novel's obvious relationship to several of his earlier novels—and his process as a novelist, one who always builds a story from the end to the beginning—would be to miss the point.

But, he says, the timing of this book does feel urgent, not only because of Everett but also "because of the resurgence of gay bashing and a homophobic backlash against gay marriage in the U.S. at this very time."

AFTER TWO HOURS OF RACKING WEIGHTS, jogging the treadmill and grappling on the mats, Irving and I hit the steam room. He massages a kink from his neck, then holds out a hand and flexes his fingers. "This is my most important instrument," he says.

He writes all of his first drafts in long hand, and if his fingers ever cubed and

stiffened with arthritis, he doesn't know what he would do. So he takes precautions, sticks to the smaller barbells now. Less weight, more reps.

The same rules apply to his fiction. "I am writing shorter and shorter novels," he says. "My commitment to this is no different than my exercise routine or my decision to give up drinking beer. I am aware of the limitations of aging. And there is nothing more important to the novelist than the preservation of memory. My grasp of fictional detail and chronological story is worsening, so I must work with what I have to make sure I'm fully cognizant of what I'm creating."

Until *I Find You* runs 824 pages, *Last Night in Twisted River* clocks in at 554, and *In One Person* is by comparison a scant 427. Irving's next novel, which he began Christmas Eve, will be even shorter—and, he predicts, the next novel shorter still.

In One Person might be brief by Irving's standards, but it has his characteristic sweep. The story moves from Vermont to Vienna to New York and encompasses the repressive '50s, the exuberant '60s, the promiscuous '70s. The chronology does not move in a straight line but flashes forward and back. This generates suspense—you witness the outcome and wonder how it came to pass—but it also makes time as restless as gender.

We see that Miss Frost, the small-town librarian who in the novel's opening scene recommends that Billy read *Great Expectations*, setting him on the path to becoming a writer, was once Big Al the wrestler; we see that Uncle Harry the lumberman ends up wearing his dead wife's clothes around the nursing home. There are drag prostitutes and sexy macho wrestlers. White says Irving shows us men and women "in all their clangor

Irving Through TIME. Our takes on his hits



THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP

"The World According to Garp is an extraordinary work whose achievement is echoed in Garp's own discovery 'that when you are writing something, everything seems related to everything else.' That is easier said than written, but John Irving has written it. At 36, he moves into the front rank of America's young novelists." (1978)



THE CIDER HOUSE RULES

"The Cider House Rules is essentially about abortions and women's right to have them. It is impossible to miss Irving's message, but his method of conveying it is ingenious in the extreme." (1985)



A PRAYER FOR OWEN MEANY

"As usual, Irving delivers a boisterous cast, a spirited story line and a quality of prose that is frequently underestimated, even by his admirers." (1989)



A WIDOW FOR ONE YEAR

"His new novel is in many respects his best since Garp. But over the past two decades, serious fiction has been elbowed ever further toward the fringes of popular culture. The adulation that once greeted Garp now goes to sitcoms and celebrities, a development that the hero-author in the novel foresaw and deplored." (1998)



IN ONE PERSON

The story of Billy Abbott, a young man coming to terms with his bisexuality, marks a return to politically charged form for Irving. The novel's intolerance of intolerance in timely, its characters timeless.

ous, multihued variety. Just as he breaks down the walls of place and time in the dissolving bath of memory, so he breaks down all gender distinctions."

IRVING PULLS ON A WATCHMAN'S CAP, ZIPS into a blue down jacket. The wind that blows constantly off Lake Ontario wobbles a stop sign as if it were a red balloon. Reflections of pedestrians ripple along the windows of boutique shops and coffeehouses. This is the midtown Toronto neighborhood Irving calls home.

He walks with his head down, staring hard at the sidewalk as if reading something there, the cracks in the concrete like the messy cursive that fills his many notebooks. He points out the Champion Tae Kwon Do studio where he used to spar regularly, the sensei there an Iranian immigrant, a misfit who came here with nothing and made a great life for himself. "There are so many Canadians like that," he says.

Readers strongly associate Irving with New England, the setting of much of his fiction and the place where he grew up. (He attended Phillips Exeter Academy, where his stepfather Colin F. Irving taught history.) But he says he doesn't feel grounded there. He splits his

time between Toronto and Vermont but finds these days a stronger connection to Canada for its political liberalism, its acceptance of cultural and sexual diversity. "I'm sure you've heard a lot of Americans of a certain liberal persuasion talking about moving to Canada," he says. "With me, it's not all talk. I'm proud to be an American—but remain frustrated by how backwards and misinformed we obstinately remain."

We stop by Irving's apartment to pick up his wife Janet Turnbull, a literary agent with a bright laugh and hair that moves from red to chestnut, depending on the light. She runs her own agency and represents Irving, but when they first met she was working as an editor for his Canadian publisher. Irving gave a reading, and at a meal following the event, he couldn't stop talking with Turnbull, so enchanted by her that he neglected everyone else at the table.

Tonight we eat at Pastis, owned by Georges Gurnon, the same restaurateur who oversaw their dinner that night so long ago. He greets us at the door, and when he takes Irving's hands in his, he turns to me and says, "He is a very famous writer but also a very humble man." The tables are draped in white linen, the

walls a roughly textured stucco painted canary yellow. A picture of Robertson Davies, the Canadian author who read at Irving's wedding, hangs forbiddingly in a shadowy staircase. But before we find our table in back, we sneak into the kitchen.

This is where Irving did much of his research for the restaurant scenes in *Last Night in Twisted River*. When we push through the swinging door, we are met with a blast of heat and a flurry of surprised smiles as the cooks jokingly tell Irving to throw on an apron and get to work.

Research has always been an essential part of Irving's writing process, and he tells me now to study the cooks, to watch their flashing knives and flaming pans, as he did for so many hours with his notebook in his lap. "What I like especially is how they move around each other, the choreography of the kitchen," he says.

We are joined at our table by several friends, among them Marty Schwartz, a doctor who serves as a medical consultant for all of Irving's novels. In *The Fourth Hand*, he introduced the idea of *formication*, the imagined feeling of insects crawling all over one's skin. In *Until I Find You*, he helped Irving figure out how a woman might die while having heroic, athletic

sex. In *Last Night in Twisted River*, he told Irving to dose up a character on aspirin so that he might die of blood loss from a severed hand. And in *In One Person*, he helped principally with the sections concerning AIDS symptoms and treatment.

The novel begins in an era when the worst thing that could happen to you after sex was an STD or pregnancy; it propels Billy through the onset of HIV, the fear and panic and bewildering lack of information about it. Toward the end of the novel, Billy joins the New York Athletic Club and bloodies his nose when sparring with a wrestling partner. The horrified response of the other men, who race away from him as if the mere sight of his blood could cause infection, is the quintessential example of Irving's melding the personal and the political, a character's story intertwining with the community's.

IRVING TENDS TO TALK IN THE SAME careful, premeditated manner in which he writes. Typically, when I pose a question, he leans back and knits his fingers together on top of his head. His jaw flexes as if he is tasting his words before he shares them. When he finally speaks, he does so slowly, with many asides and pregnant pauses.

The exception to this: politics. When our discussion of *In One Person* bridges into the coming U.S. election, he brings his hand down in a karate chop that shakes the table and rattles the ice in my glass.

"When I wrote *The World According to Garp* in the 1970s, I thought the furor over birth control was over, I thought the abortion debate could potentially settle down following *Roe v. Wade*, and I thought I would never again feel the need to write about sexual tolerance. Just as I never thought I'd see the country as divided as it was during 'Nam.' He tightens his mouth. "I was too hopeful. Here we are again. Here I am again."

His most iconic characters never left. Glenn Close played Jenny Fields in the 1982 film adaptation of *Garp*. It was her first feature, and she considers the role definitive in her career. "Every part I've played since then, I suppose you can say, Jenny gave birth to. I'm almost always, at one extreme or another, a sexual suspect." She mentions her recent film *Albert Nobbs*, in which she plays a woman who poses as a



Best seller Irving appeared on the cover of TIME in 1981 when he published *The Hotel New Hampshire*, his follow-up to *Garp*

man. "There are so many people out there who fall through the cracks, so many people out there who are hiding in order to survive." Empathetic narratives about them are necessary, revolutionary.

Many writers try to avoid partisan fiction, believing that art should raise questions instead of answer them, but what distinguishes Irving is a consistent zeroing in on the toughest issues—abortion, religion, sexuality, AIDS—that both define and divide America at various times. He does it with unbounded generosity toward his characters, not just the heroes but also the villains. And he does it almost exclusively through fiction. He's not in the op-ed pages, nor is he writing book reviews or magazine pieces. He's old-fashioned in that light—critical to the literary landscape but also apart from it.

THE WALLS OF IRVING'S APARTMENT ARE crowded with black-and-white portraits—of Günter Grass, Kurt Vonnegut, friends and mentors—and a charcoal profile of his son Everett. In his office hangs a poster for the film adaptation of *The Cider House Rules* orbited by shots from the set. But the dominant decoration, hanging over his desk, is a giant cluttered tackboard busy with

family photos, some new, some faded and curled at the edges. He fingers one, an image of him wrestling his boys in the backyard, and says, "That was a long time ago."

Though I hate to bring it up—because it implies the grave, because Irving is fit enough and sharp enough to write for another 20 years—there is the unavoidable question of legacy.

Of course Irving could guess how critics or friends would respond to this question. Edmund White, for example, says, "I think John's distinctive place in the American literary landscape is as a Dickensian fabulist who has invented many great plots and tableaux and who will be remembered primarily as a humorist and as someone who tackled taboo subjects."

But when Irving finally speaks, it is with no such definitive language. He hasn't written his last sentence. He rolls his shoulders, not with a shrug but a stretch, as if we are once again facing each other in the gym. "You have to know as a writer the difference between how you consider yourself publicly and the way you must continue to only consider yourself a lowly practitioner," he says. "Every new page you start, you are a beginner. And I am writing every day to challenge myself, to make myself better and stronger."

His mouth hikes up, and his voice takes on an amused, challenging tone. "You never see a great wrestler who doesn't drill, who stops fanatically practicing his best shot. My old coach used to say that if you were in it for the match, if you were in it for the trophies, you were in it for the wrong reasons." He pauses for a long time, hinging together two thoughts as if with one of his trademark semicolons. "If you presume to love something, you must love the process of it much more than you love the finished product."

This is his way of saying that legacy does not concern him so much, that his life as a writer has been about the drills, the practice, the lovely drudgery of putting one word in front of another and building characters and worlds that may speak of their time but will also, with the help of faithful readers, be lasting.

But then his gaze skips over to his bookshelves, weighed down by hard-cover and foreign editions of his novels, as if to account for more than 40 years of dreams, the many worlds and lives stored in one person.

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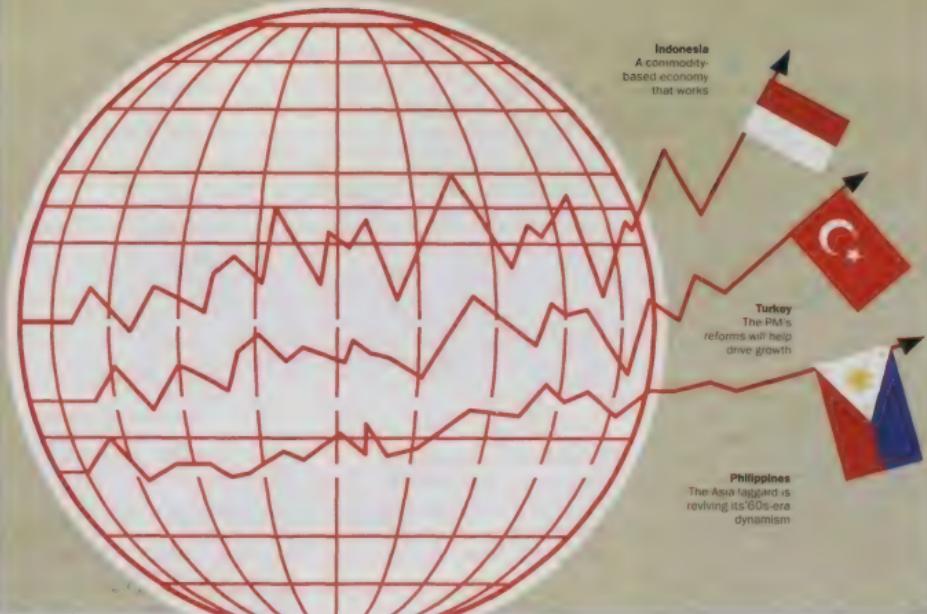
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The Next Frontier. As growth slows in China and India, a fresh group of markets breaks out

BY RUCHIR SHARMA

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE THE FARMERS LEFT the farmhouses of Delhi, which are now weekend retreats for the upper class, playgrounds on the fringes of the city where unmapped dirt lanes suddenly open onto lavish mansions with sprawling gardens and water features. This is the Hamptons of India, where event planners will re-create Oscar night, Las Vegas, even a Punjabi village for the homesick, complete with waiters in ethnic garb. At one such extravaganza, I managed to chat over the pounding techno music with a 20-something scion of the farmhouse

demimonde. He was a classic of the type—working for Dad's export business, wearing a tight black shirt, hair spiky with gel. After determining that I was a New York City investor in town looking for opportunities, he shrugged, saying, "Well, of course. Where else will the money go?"

That comment sums up the overconfidence in the big emerging markets after a decade of unprecedented success. The amount of private money pouring into emerging markets has quintupled, to nearly \$1 trillion, much of it in funds that make no distinction between China

and Chile. And yet the latest headlines indicate that emerging markets are headed for slowdown. Annual growth rates have fallen in Russia from boom highs of 8% in the early 2000s to 4% today, in India from about 8.5% to under 7% in that period and in Brazil from about 4% to just 2.7%. In China, which grew at better than 8% for 14 years, Premier Wen Jiabao lowered the official target to 7.5% in March. At that rate, China—which overtook the U.S. as the leading contributor to global growth in 2007—will hand back that title this year. This is part of a fundamental change

in the dynamics driving the rise of poor nations. The laws of economic gravity are catching up with the BRICs (Brazil, Russia, India, China). As the age of easy money ends, the growth rate in emerging markets will slow to the 1950s and '60s average of about 5%, punctuated by recessions and leaving more losers than winners.

As recently as 2002, emerging markets were seen as the problem children of the financial world, but in 2003 they took off on the fastest, broadest boom in history. Fueled by easy money pouring out of the U.S., the average growth rate in emerging markets doubled to 7.2%, and the number of nations growing at faster than 5% more than doubled, to 114. At the 2007 peak, all but three of the 183 nations grew as recessions disappeared. Many observers came to see this boom as the new baseline and to believe that all emerging nations were destined for decades of rapid growth as if they were all new Chinas.

It has become fashionable for pundits to look to the 17th century, when China and India accounted for about half the world economy, as evidence that these nations will re-emerge as dominant powers in 2050, as if 17th century performance offered some guarantee of future results. The lesson of history is different. Economic development is like a game of Chutes and Ladders: nations are much more likely to fall back than to keep climbing.

That's partly because the bigger an economy gets, the harder it is to grow fast. China recently surpassed per capita income of \$5,000, the same level (in current dollars) at which all previous Asian-miracle economies began to slow dramatically. Japan in the 1970s, Taiwan in the 1980s and South Korea in the 1990s—all continued to catch up to the U.S., but slower, with growth rates falling about 4 points, to 5%. In China, a 4-point slowdown would lower growth to 6%, wiping out hundreds of billions of dollars in China plays. Those include some direct investments in the nation and in commodity economies like Brazil and Russia that feed oil and sugar to the Chinese export machine.

It is a common mistake of bearish forecasters to assume that economic story lines will end in collapse rather than a new chapter. The slowdown of the BRICs will transform the global economic scene, clearing the stage for a new group of breakout nations: emerging markets that beat the expectations and

rivals in their income class. That includes the manufacturing juggernaut of South Korea; the European pillars of financial responsibility, Poland and the Czech Republic; the Asian comeback story, the Philippines; the world's best-run big commodity economy, Indonesia; and the new model of Muslim economic management, Turkey. In fact, the next two members of the club of trillion-dollar economies are likely to be Indonesia and Turkey, both large, market-oriented Muslim democracies that will serve as inspirations to struggling Muslim nations and as a lesson to Westerners who think Muslim moderation is an oxymoron.

The slowdown of the BRIC nations also sets the stage for a revival in the U.S., which looks likely to exceed its low expectations. In February, Gallup polls asked Americans to identify the world's leading economy: 53% said China, where average incomes are still about a tenth of America's. In coming years, China's image will shrink to realistic dimensions, reducing pressure on Washington to raise trade barriers and to cast China as a threat. Western fears of the BRICs' forming a political bloc will fade: China has growing trade links with Brazil, Russia, India and South Africa, but those four don't trade much with one another. They will be hard pressed to find a common agenda.

Meanwhile, the competitive position of the U.S. is growing stronger. In the past decade, China accounted for half the growth in demand for oil and other commodities—the key factor in spiking prices—but China's slowdown will break this commodity supercycle, with great benefits for the U.S. The currencies of many major emerging markets are rising against the dollar, which is near its lowest inflation-adjusted level since the early 1970s, producing an American manufacturing revival. The U.S. share of global exports had been falling for years, but it bottomed out at 8% in 2008 and is inching higher. Basic American strengths like rapid innovation, a relatively young population and openness to skilled immigrants are extending its lead in technology. Once again all the hot new things, from cloud computing to social networking, seem to be emerging from Silicon Valley.

The idea that the big emerging nations are taking over the world economy will cease to be the market mania of our day. The related manias for China and commodities will break. Investors betting big on emerging markets' rising as a class will start treating them as individual stories. No nation can hope to hitch a free ride on the tailwinds of easy money and market optimism, as so many did in the past decade. They will have to propel themselves, and the new breakout nations will take the advice of a Latin proverb: "If there is no wind, row."

Diminishing Returns

CHINA

Many economies that expanded at breakneck speed are set to slow. The expected percentage-point drop in GDP growth in the next five years:

↓3.1

The growth rate of China's GDP will fall as government investment decreases

BRAZIL

↓0.8

An influx of foreign money has made Brazil one of the world's costliest, most overhyped economies

INDIA

↓0.3

Weak government reform leaves India vulnerable to cronyism and dims its prospects for growth

Sources: GDP estimates based on research by Morgan Stanley Investment Management

Adapted from Sharma's new book, Breakout Nations: In Pursuit of the Next Economic Miracles. The author is the head of emerging markets and global macro at Morgan Stanley Investment Management



A Gourmet Food's Growing Pains.

Trendy quinoa has helped Bolivia's farmers—but not without environmental and social problems

BY JEAN FRIEDMAN-RUDOVSKY

OVER THE PAST DECADE, QUINOA, one of the few crops that thrive on Bolivia's high plains, 13,000 ft. above sea level, has become a pinnacle product for foodies, health nuts and fair-trade fanatics. The gluten-free staple—in Bolivia it is produced solely by small-scale farmers and 90% is organic—often adorns plates from celebrity chefs like Giada De Laurentiis and Bobby Flay and has inspired entire cookbooks devoted to salads, soups and stuffings touting its nutritional goodness.

It's an unaccustomed role for such a humble crop, which poorer Bolivians often grew and ate instead of buying rice. "It was always *comida para los indios* [food for Indians]," says Benjamín Huarachi, a member of the board of Bolivia's largest quinoa growers' association, Anapqui, almost laughing. "Today it's food for the world's richest."

It's also food for thought about the complications that arise when rich nations try to support farmers in the developing world. The colorful tall tufts, which yield one of the healthiest foods on the planet, have become Huarachi's golden goose. As global food prices have risen,

the price of quinoa has tripled in the past five years, to \$1 per lb., a boon to growers in the poorest region of South America's poorest country. "Now we've got tractors for our fields and parabolic antennas for our homes," he says.

And trouble with the neighbors. In an economy dependent on volatile commodity exports, quinoa has made farmers richer, but it has also become an out-of-reach luxury for many Bolivians and fueled violent conflict. In February hundreds of farmers clashed over prime quinoa-growing territory, and dozens were injured. The high price of quinoa has cut domestic consumption dramatically, sparking concerns about malnutrition, with many farmers scrambling to export all their quinoa, even supplementing their diets with foods like pasta. The crop is also straining natural resources as land inhabited by grazing llamas is turned over to quinoa, causing erosion and a scarcity of llama-fertilized soil.

The litany of problems raises questions about whether the satisfying act of buying fair trade—which aims to help small farmers gain access to higher-end consumers abroad—can do more harm than

good for the poor in developing countries. "When you transform a food into a commodity, there's inevitable breakdown in social relations and high environmental cost," says Tanya Kerssen, a food-policy analyst for the food-and-development institute Food First, based in Oakland, Calif.

Quinoa, which has been cultivated in Bolivia since 3000 B.C., took off in richer countries in the 1990s after NASA researchers recommended it as part of a potential space-colony diet and health-food addicts latched on. Bolivia, the world's No. 1 quinoa producer, now grows roughly half the global supply (Peru is a close second, Ecuador third), and the superfood is the country's fastest-growing export.

Rising incomes from quinoa farming have lifted the education and living standards of rural families in the quinoa heartland of Potosí, making it a strategic crop for Bolivia. The government says it's including quinoa in school breakfasts and offering \$10 million in low-interest loans to farmers to make the food more affordable. Growers' associations say they're increasing the number of grazing llamas per acre to address erosion problems. And local producers haven't sold out to foreign agricultural conglomerates, which tend to strip farming communities of profits when their native crops go global, according to Aziz Elbehri, a senior economist at the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization. Those efforts won't shield farmers from a sharp price drop if the quinoa fad fizzles. Says Kerssen: "Quinoa is now a free-market phenomenon. This is a boom, and there's definitely going to be a bust." ■



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The Culture

Game of Thrones cuisine / Taryn
Simon's theories of relativity / The Broadway
class divide / Geek chic sweeps the NBA

From Chapter VI, *A Living
Man Documented Through
Other Chapters*, a photo
project by Irair Simon, now
at the Museum of Modern
Art in New York City.

PAGE 54



Pop Chart



GOOD WEEK BAD WEEK

Cinderella

Christian Louboutin will unveil his haute version of her glass slipper this summer

Manolo Blahnik

His collection for J. Crew, slated for a fall release, has been delayed indefinitely

GAMES

Living the Hov Life

Jay-Z's latest venture lets fans follow in his footsteps, via a Facebook game. In *Empire*, available for free, users start as street hustlers, then work up to the big time by competing in rap battles and earning money—all while making sure not to forget old friends and family, lest their karma scores suffer. Presumably, there are bonus points for marrying Beyoncé.



OUTSIDE THE BOX Don't let your eyes deceive you: this is a photograph, not a painting. Its maker, Jessica Eaton, crafted a series of images using cubes and other figures painted only white, black and gray; the vibrant colors come from multiple exposures and film additives. Eaton's work recently won top honors at the International Festival of Fashion and Photography in Hyères, France.

TMI

Baby Babble

Jessica Simpson has finally given birth to her daughter Maxwell Drew, capping a seemingly endless pregnancy filled with giggly disclosures. As we brace ourselves for a new mommy-themed onslaught—diaper-change live-tweets, perhaps—here are some of her most buzzed-about sound bites.



"The average pregnant woman eats 1,200 calories a day!"
November 2011

"Kraft macaroni and cheese with low-fat cheddar cheese! Salt is the best fast food for pregnant champions!"
December 2011

"I feel like I have a boozing tail sitting on my neck!"
March 2012

"I swear, I will smoke it my baby sleeping for a pair of shoes instead of Granddad's Cigarettes!"
April 2012



SEPTEMBER 2012 | EW.COM

QUICK TALK

Cat Cora

Bravo's latest cooking competition, *Around the World in 80 Plates* (premiering May 9), is like *Top Chef* meets *Amazing Race* meets *Survivor*, "except better than all three combined," says co-host Cat Cora. Here, the *Iron Chef America* champ—and "any flavor of ice cream" aficionado—dishes to TIME.



You tasted at least 80 plates during filming. Which was the grossest? Kidney pie in London. Definitely. It was the first competition, the chefs went out drinking [the night before], and they didn't clean or cook the kidneys very well. It was pretty bad. Ugh. Sorry you had to endure that. Thanks. It was a lot of like, "Hold your nose!" and "Bring some more beer!" Solet's say you faced *Top Chef* host Tom Colicchio in a cook-off. Who would win? I don't know. That would definitely be a knock-down, drag-out competition. I mean, he's never been an *Iron Chef*. [Laughs.] O.K., honestly... I could kick Tom's ass. No doubt. I have taken on bigger and badder guys than Tom. You're already starting Bravo rivalries. Nice. Yeah. Tom's a little marshmallow: tough on the outside, ooey-gooey on the inside! —DAN MACSAI



VIEW FROM ABOVE On April 24, New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg released a digital trove of 870,000 photographs, maps and videos that document more than 150 years of Big Apple history, starting in 1858. Among the highlights: this image of workers painting the Brooklyn Bridge in 1914—without harnesses!—taken by Eugene de Salignac, a municipal photographer.

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Her Royal Toyness

Queen Elizabeth has worn plenty of spectacular crowns, but none quite like this. To celebrate the U.K. monarch's Diamond Jubilee, marking her 60th year on the throne, Legoland in Windsor, England, is creating a toy-size tribute. Starting May 24, its 4-in. (10-cm) Lego Queen—outfitted with a diamond-studded tiara—will reign over a mini Buckingham Palace and a court of mini royals. Lego Pippa, alas, was not invited.



The Game of Thrones Cookbook

Craving Dornish snake with fiery sauce or honey-spiced locusts? George R.R. Martin's got your back. The official *Thrones* cookbook hits stores May 29, featuring more than 100 medieval recipes. But like the characters in his Westeros universe, this tome must fight for supremacy; a quirkier unofficial version is already on shelves.



REMEDIES Sobriety on Wheels

Forget bacon, coffee and Gatorade. Dr. Jason Burke's Hangover Heaven bus, currently roving around Las Vegas, offers a professional morning-after cure of saline-solution IV drips and vitamins that he says provides relief within 45 minutes. Fees start at \$90—much less than what partygoers will spend when they're Strip-ready again.

3 THINGS YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THIS WEEK

1. The state of the canine publishing industry. Uggi, the Jack Russell terrier who stole the show in *The Artist*, is "writing" a memoir, due in stores this October.

2. Hunting down the long-lost Backstreet Boy. Kevin Richard son just announced he's rejoining the pop group roughly six years after quitting.

3. The nobility of oversharing. Facebook now lets users add organ-donor status to their timelines. It's an admirable, albeit slightly creepy, attempt to save lives.

There Will Be Bloodlines

Taryn Simon untangles the ties that bind

By Richard Lacayo

IF TARYN SIMON HADN'T BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER, she could have made a fortune in sales, because she has persuasive powers that the rest of us can only dream of. For her 2007 exhibition and book *An American Index of the Hidden and Unfamiliar*, she got herself admitted to dozens of places where outsiders with cameras aren't usually allowed, including a nuclear-waste storage facility and a reconstructed crime scene at a forensic research center, complete with a rotting corpse. For another project, *Contraband*, she persuaded the wary authorities at John F. Kennedy International Airport to let her photograph every item seized by customs over a five-day period, from counterfeit Viagra to cow-dung toothpaste. Despite a personal manner that's the last word in low key, she has a way of getting what she wants. "If somebody closes the door," she says, "I have to find another way to get in."

Simon, 37, had to find a lot of ways in for her new show, *A Living Man Declared Dead and Other Chapters*, which is on view through Sept. 3 at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City before moving to the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. The organizing principle for this project is what she calls bloodlines: all the living descendants, plus any living forebears, of a single man or woman who sets a story in motion. Traveling to 25 countries, Simon tracked down hundreds of family members bound together by not just genealogy but often some curious or painful fate. In India she located living people officially declared dead, a predicament involving corrupt bureaucrats scheming to seize their property. In Bosnia she followed the bloodline of young men killed in the 1995 Srebrenica massacre of Muslims by

Bosnian Serbs. In Brazil she inventoried rival clans trapped in a decades-long feud—people condemned by kinship to an endless cycle of bloodshed and revenge. Hauling around a sizable 4-by-5-in. tripod-mounted camera plus lights and neutral backdrops, she photographed any family member who would agree to sit for her.

A project like *A Living Man Declared Dead* is more labor-intensive than a lunar landing, so it's impressive that Simon accomplished it with just two regular associates, her sister Shannon Simon and assistant Douglas Emery. "I work all the time," Simon says matter-of-factly. (She paused long enough last year to marry filmmaker Jake Paltrow, Gwyneth's brother.) Simon began *A Living Man Declared Dead* with a marathon of research and investigation. "I'll pick the brains of anyone around me," she says. "I'll get ideas from something I've seen in a film or a scientific journal." International aid groups helped lead her to families she might include. So did the freelance intermediaries whom foreign correspondents—and Simon—like to call fixers: ground-level operators who know the locals.

Then comes the delicate part, persuading people to take part in that odd post-modern phenomenon, the conceptual art-documentary photo project. Some of her subjects, like the "living dead" in India, were happy to publicize their predicaments. Others, not so much. Some descendants of Hans Frank, Hitler's personal legal adviser, who was executed after being convicted of war crimes at Nuremberg, weren't keen on advertising their Nazi ancestry. So you might say they came halfway out of the closet: they

HAVE LENS, WILL TRAVEL
To produce the hundreds of portraits in *A Living Man Declared Dead and Other Chapters*, Simon visited 25 countries. Even a single night have scattered





LINES OF INQUIRY

Above: a chapter from *A Living Man Declared Dead*; left, right: a detail from the same triptych which maps the bloodlines of Nazi official Hans Frank—each chapter of Simon's project consists of three framed panels—one contains the portraits; another sets out the story of that bloodline; and a third contains related images—like Old Master paintings purloined by the Nazi warheads.

declined to be photographed but sent Simon articles of their clothing instead, which she put before her camera in neatly folded individual bundles. "They respected what I was trying to accomplish," she says. "They just didn't want to be physically present." Simon didn't have the same problem with one of her oddest bloodlines: laboratory rabbits infected with a deadly virus by researchers looking to reduce Australia's massive overpopulation of rabbits in the wild.

But even when Simon had the full cooperation of her subjects, other perils sometimes emerged. In Tanzania, she photographed the bloodlines of albinos, who are sometimes preyed on by ghoulish poachers who kill them to sell their hair and body parts to healers; because the subject is a touchy one with Tanzanian authorities, Simon had to sneak her bulky cases of gear across the border from Kenya. In Bosnia, where she tracked down the mother of four sons killed in the Srebrenica massacre, she had to arrive clandestinely at the woman's home. "Though it was a decade since the massacre and this woman had lost everything," she recalls, "there was an incredible fear of retaliation."

Simon's own bloodline has its share of avid photographers, including her Russian-immigrant grandfather, who owned a pinball arcade in Times Square and was an amateur naturalist who built his own telescopes. "He was always collecting images with very precise data," says Simon, who grew up in the New York City

suburb of Dix Hills, N.Y. "My father also took pictures constantly, but his were more about environments and people around the world." For a time he worked for the State Department; the slide shows he brought home from Russia, Southeast Asia and the Middle East so captivated his daughter that after she arrived at Brown to study environmental science, she also pursued photography at the Rhode Island School of Design. By the time she graduated in 1997, Simon was committed to the camera, though she wasn't yet sure what she wanted to do with it.

Simon's big break came a few years later when the *New York Times Magazine* assigned her to produce a series about people who had been exonerated after serving time—sometimes many years—for violent crimes they didn't commit. That led to her first book, *The Innocents*. In the decade since, Simon has become a well-established name in the art world. Her gallery is the mighty arsenal of Larry Gagosian, and *A Living Man Declared Dead* has already made stops at the Neue Nationalgalerie in Berlin and the Tate Modern in London.

Simon depicts bloodlines as flowcharts of small portraits—like a living periodic table of the elements. What resonates is the persistence, and finally the insufficiency, of ancestry and kinship as systems for making sense of unlikely destinies. To show that blood lineage can be an extremely loopy line, she sought out unlikely subjects; one is a Lebanese man who

claims to be reincarnated, so he pops up more than once in his family history. "I was always looking for a surreal twist," she says, "something that would lead to a collapse of logic."

All the same, even the most outlandish chapters have their universal element. As Simon puts it, "We're all the living dead, pieces of what came before." What she means is that we all carry the DNA of our forebears; their ghostly current pulses through us. The intricate machinery of her project is designed to show that blood ties are a weak line of defense against the blows administered by history, politics or sheer unlucky circumstance. And in some cases, as with those feuding Brazilians or the Bosnians slaughtered for their ethnic identity, kinship may just be a burden no sane person would want to bear. In some of Simon's portraits, the subjects—links in an endless chain of breeding stock—stare out at us from their perches on the family tree with an expression that seems to say, *Get me out of here*. Especially the rabbits.

But at least the rabbits didn't squabble among themselves, which is more than you can say for many of the humans Simon had to contend with. "You're always dealing with family members who aren't speaking to other members—all these dramas," she says.

I tell her that I sympathize, because I could never get my entire family to sit for her camera.

Without missing a beat, she responds, "I bet I could."

I bet she could too.

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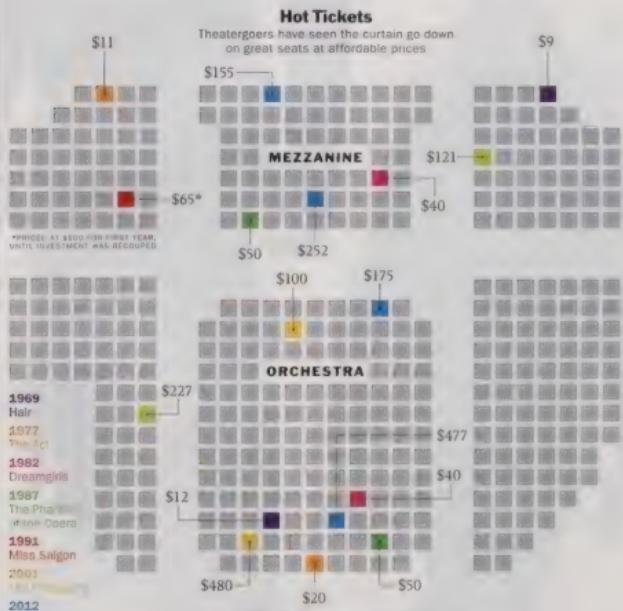
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Theater

Scenes from the Class Struggle In Row J. Is Broadway just for the 1%?

By Richard Zoglin

WHATEVER SHOW GETS THE BIGGEST BOOST from next month's Tonys, it likely won't match last year's juggernaut, *The Book of Mormon*, which grabbed nine awards and has sold out virtually every performance since. Just try finding a pair of tickets for the show online, at least at the standard rate—top price: \$155, soon to be \$175. There are exactly none for the rest of 2012. But you might luck out if you're willing to pay for premium seats—blocks of prime orchestra spots priced from \$352 to \$477. Add service charges, and that pair could set you back nearly \$1,000, plus dinner and babysitter.



Could the time be ripe for an Occupy Broadway? It seems so. The chief culprit is the premium seat, a phenomenon that began in 2001 when backers of *The Producers* decided to meet high demand by offering a select block of seats for \$480 apiece. A decade ago, *The Producers* was an outlier; now premium seats are part of the ticket-pricing plan for every Broadway show, and not just elaborate musicals. *Death of a Salesman*—a revival of Arthur Miller's 1949 classic, starring Philip Seymour Hoffman—has raised its top price for regular tickets to \$161.50.

with premium seats peaking at \$426.50.

Producers and theater owners argue that premium pricing (which has long been common in sports and live music) is needed to recoup the ever soaring costs of putting on a Broadway show. But they're also fostering a class divide on the Great White Way. On a recent search for *Mormon* tickets, I found a \$369 premium seat for a Saturday night, six rows from the back of the orchestra. Assuming that all the seats ahead of it were priced the same or higher, that adds up to roughly 300 premium seats—nearly one-third the theater's capacity of about 1,100.

What's more, the boom in premium tickets has done little to subsidize folks at the other end of the economic spectrum. Discount tickets are still available at the TKTS booths in Times Square and on sites like BroadwayBox.com but rarely for the hot shows or good seats. (In London, a more egalitarian theater town, government-supported venues like the National regularly offer seats at deep discounts—as low as \$19—on the day of performances.) In 1986, before the dawn of the premium age, the top paid admission for a Broadway musical was \$47.50 (\$93 in 2010 dollars), about one third more than the average paid admission of \$34 (\$67). Now the top price for a hit musical like *Evita* is \$275, more than twice the average of \$123.

That growing disparity is almost certainly influencing what kinds of shows populate Broadway, geared toward upscale, older audiences that can afford to see them. This season we got a revival of *The Best Man*, Gore Vidal's creaky 1960s political drama (with two octogenarian stars, James Earl Jones and Angela Lansbury); *Nice Work If You Can Get It*, the latest musical pastiche featuring Gershwin songs and society swells; *Other Desert Cities*, about a family of rich Republican Wasps; and *The Columnist*, with John Lithgow as the aristocratic Kennedy-era political columnist Joseph Alsop.

Significantly, all four plays feature characters who are on a first name basis with Presidents. Not exactly Willy Loman territory. But from the premium seats, it might just seem like home.

FOR A WRAP-UP OF THIS YEAR'S TONY NOMINATIONS, GO TO Time.com/tonys

Sports

NBA Nerd Alert. A studious look is redefining pro style

By Sean Gregory | Oklahoma City

A NERD-FASHION WAVE IS SPREADING across the NBA—a movement that is transforming the image of young, rich, African-American athletes. You would have spotted geek chic all over this year's All-Star Game, where Kevin Durant, LeBron James, Dwight Howard, Russell Westbrook and others sported Steve Urkel-style glasses throughout the weekend. You see it in Dwyane Wade's cool-dweeb bow ties, in Amar'e Stoudemire's prep-perfect plaid shirt. You might have first sensed it in the form of Durant's now signature backpack—often worn with a single strap buckled across his chest—when he started wearing it to his press conferences last postseason. (The 6-ft. 9-in. Oklahoma City Thunder forward keeps his iPad, headphones, a phone charger and a Bible in there.) Without delay, Nike produced—and sold out—a limited-edition line of Durant backpacks; a full collection is coming this fall. Durant had taken geek chic to a new level.

The market is impressed, and so are tastemakers. "I love seeing the guys doing this," says stylist June Ambrose, host of the VH1 reality show *Styled by June*. "They all seem to find comfort in these clothes, and you can tell the style makes them feel studious and smart."

In geek chic, Ambrose sees a playful rebellion against the NBA rule passed in 2005 that requires business-casual dress for players sitting on the bench because of injury. Instead of going corporate, the players—many of whom had been leaning toward throwback jerseys, baggy jeans and bling—went preppy. "Geek chic is a clever way to show some character without feeling like you're going to Wall Street," Ambrose says.

But geek chic is more than just a personal style statement. Professional, downright dorktastic African-American NBA stars are defying the

expectation that they wear an intimidating hood facade, which is changing how we view black athletes—and how they view themselves. "It's an obvious turning point," says Wesley Morris, a Pulitzer Prize-winning film critic from the Boston *Globe* who wrote an insightful essay on the roots of NBA nerddom for Grantland.com in December. "We now better understand who black men can



Kevin Durant

Amar'e Stoudemire

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NBA GEEK CHIC: THE STARTING LINEUP

Dressing like an ultra-dapper nerd requires these elements of style.

1 The hoodie. "It's like a jacket you can wear over your shirt," says Durant, who's been known to sport his dad's old hoodies.

2 The hoodie. "I like it because it's Michael Jordan's favorite," says Wade, who's known to sport his dad's old hoodies.

3 The cardigan. As bright as the South Beach sun, Wade's sweater doubles as a vest and evokes Carlton Banks of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.

4 The glasses. Even if your eyes don't need them, your style does.

be, what they can sound like." President Obama, Morris notes, deserves some credit for this shift. "Black men are breaking out of the hole we've been put in," he says.

Recently I had a chance to ask Durant—who just nabbed his third straight scoring title and clinched the Thunder's first playoff game with a last-second shot—why he started to dress "like a nerd," as he puts it. He's driving north on his way to conduct a kids' basketball clinic, and he laughs as he considers the question. First, he says, he had to overcome some nerves.

He wanted his NBA peers to accept him—backpack, horn-rimmed glasses, buttoned-all-the-way-up-to-the-collar plaid shirts and all. "Everyone wonders what people think, and I was just one of those guys," he says. The moral of this story: achieving absurd success at every professional level—in Durant's case, college player of the year in 2007, NBA Rookie of the Year in 2008 and more—does not necessarily quench your craving for approval from the cool kids.

So what made him comfortable enough to embrace his squareness? "Getting a little older, learning how to brush things off," says Durant, who's all of 23, as he pulls his GMC van, featuring his Nike KD logo on the headrests, into the gym parking lot. (Today he's in practice mode, sartorially speaking, in gray sweatpants and a T-shirt.) "Playing on the basketball court helps, but more so growing up. Inner confidence is something that goes a long way. I'm still working on it."

In Durant, the NBA has an ideal front man for the geek-chic craze: a humble, loyal superstar who signed a long-term contract in low-gilt Oklahoma City, he knows that winning a pro championship for OKC would boost the city's pride. Despite his shopaholic grad student look, he has just a year of college under his designer belt. (The NBA required it under its controversial "one and done" rule.) Other geek-chic stalwarts who reached the NBA before Durant, such as James, Howard and Stoudemire, went straight from high school to the pros. It's popular to criticize college hoops players for giving their education short shrift. This style suggests, We're much, much smarter than you think.

Durant insists he's not dressing to make a social statement—he just digs the duds—but he's aware that geek chic gives NBA players a cheeky image, and he embraces it. "If people always see you upset, always see you with baggy clothes, see you wearing dark colors, it's normal for a person to think, Oh, if that's how he looks, that's how he is," he says. "When somebody sees me, I want them to think of someone who's always smiling, always positive, who's always selfless. That's who I am." And that's not bad for a nerd.

Dwyane Wade

Andre Igoudala

Joel Stein



I Had a Gay Old Time

Why I'll never spend the night in a straight hotel again

'VE NEVER INFILTRATED ANOTHER culture before. I don't speak any other languages, I look surprisingly bad in drag, and I can get only about a third of the way through biscuits and gravy with a side of grits before saying something stupid about liking Mexicans. So on a recent trip to New York, I jumped at the chance to stay at the Out NYC, Manhattan's new gay hotel, since I realized it might be my only opportunity to try out being homosexual without trying the only part of the lifestyle I'm not into, which is the sex part. I love the catty banter, the brunches, the gym workouts, the modern aesthetic, the not having to deal with women. What I did in the privacy of my hotel room the other men would never have to know about.

But as I rolled my luggage toward the hotel, I started to get nervous. Maybe they'd all notice my unwaxed chest and paunch and tell me to leave. Or maybe without straight people holding them back, they would act in some kind of supergay way so incredibly gay, I couldn't even imagine it. I suddenly longed for a *USA Today*, a shower cap and an Express Start breakfast bar.

The glass doors parted, and I walked up to the front desk, handed over my driver's license and Visa card and said in a voice I'm pretty sure was two octaves lower than my own, "Just checking in." The guy behind the desk touched my arm and told me I looked cute in my photo. I was passing. I looked at the ad on the desk for the gay club attached to the hotel and asked exactly what it was that model Janice Dickinson would be "performing" that night. He said, "You know, she's a gay man in a woman's body!" We laughed the comfortable laugh that exists only between a gay man and a man suddenly pretending

he is gay and has no idea why he's doing it.

I got in the elevator with three guys and a woman. It was the first time in my many years of elevator experience that all the elevators introduced themselves and shook my hand. When we got out, they invited me to their room. I turned down their invitation mostly because I was late for a meeting and partly because I didn't want to have sex with 75% of them. As I walked away, I heard the woman encouragingly say to her friends, "He was cute!" I had gotten two "cutes" in 15 minutes. Which is two more "cutes" than I'd gotten in 40 years in the straight community.

I rocked at being fake gay. In fact, I'm pretty sure I could have a fabulous gay life. All I'd have to do is what closeted guys in college did with girls: suddenly act like a jerk on my second date to escape making out. Then I'd go right back to being called cute and using rosemary cedarwood peppermint shampoo that didn't smell at all girly.

There are gay boutique hotels in gay places such as Key West, Fla., Provincetown, Mass., and Greece, but there's also one being built in superstraight Louisville, Ky. Ian Reisner, a co-owner of the Out NYC, is building a second location in Washington, where he's hoping to attach a gay history museum. I can see why these hotels would be popular. Without the aggressive posturing of straight guys, gay men were able to be outgoing and friendly. Straight men are jerks to one another because there's no incentive to be nice: we're not going to have sex.

It wasn't until the next morning that I realized there were some things I couldn't handle about my new gay life. Like how often I was seeing myself naked. The wall of the shower was a mirror. The wall above the sink was a mirror. The wall behind the bed was a mirror. I was starting to understand why so few gay men are fat. It was also the only hotel room I've ever been in without a closet, which seemed a pretty big sacrifice just to make a metaphoric point.

But as I headed to the gym to work through some difficult questions about my fake sexuality, I saw a guy there with his girlfriend. When I walked into the lobby, the only people I saw were a straight Russian couple and a straight Korean couple—two of the most aggressively straight nationalities. A French or Spanish couple I could have handled, but these people were killing my fake-gay buzz. In fact, most of the people I saw at the Out NYC were straight foreign couples. That night as I was coming home from late-night karaoke, I saw a drag queen smoking a cigarette outside the hotel's club, and it just seemed like the place was trying too hard. I went straight to my room.

When I asked Reisner what the deal was with all the lame straight people, he told me he was pretty shocked too: "I knew the gays would jump on it right away. I didn't think the straights would." In fact, the hotel's club is hosting both a straight wedding and a straight bar mitzvah. The problem is that being gay has become so acceptable that tourists think the gay theme is just fun New York culture. I guess I'm going to have to go to the *Sound of Music* sing-along. If that place is full of straights, I'm going to be furious.



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10 Questions

World-champion heavyweight boxer Wladimir Klitschko on taking a punch, his Ph.D. and the reason men fight

You punch really big guys for a living. And big guys punch you. Do you not mind getting hit?

I don't like to get hit. Who likes it? I probably wouldn't do this sport if I was getting hit that much. I lost three fights out of 60. That's why my brother [fellow heavyweight champ] Vitali and I are getting criticized, that the fights are very boring because they're one-sided.

Mike Tyson said you guys are not emotional enough.

I think Mike Tyson's right. We are effective, and emotion when it goes up and down, back and forth, one side, other side—you cannot be successful for a long time if you're gonna do those fights. So we will continue to fight in the same way, and I will continue to defend my titles the same way.

How different are you in the ring from how you are now? Do you have to work at getting more aggressive?

I would compare it to an actor. I drive myself into the character that later on is in the ring through five, six weeks of the training camp. But aggression means emotions. Emotions mean you get off your plan, and that means you're going to lose the fight. You have to be cold-blooded. And you have

Klitschko is 6 ft. 6 in., tall and weighs 245 lb.



to just execute your game plan. Everything else, all emotions, you have to put aside.

What about if you're watching your brother fight?

I hate it. And I can't imagine how worried my brother is when I'm fighting. When I'm in the ring, my pulse is probably 50, 60 beats a minute.

And when my brother's standing in the ring, I'm like 150.

What would it take for you to fight your brother?

There is not enough money in this world. I would ask you how much your mother's heart costs.

How would you explain the appeal of boxing to someone who doesn't get it?

You don't like boxing? You're going to come and see a match. In the beginning you're going to be shy, but later on you're going to jump on a chair and scream, "Hit him! Hit him!" Do you know why men box? Men box because we are trying to win a female's heart.

Do you have to avoid places where people like to fight?

You've picked up the topic that is affecting my life. I don't like to go to bars. First of all, I'm not a drinker. Second, there's always someone that has guts and wants to fight because they're probably a little bit tipsy. I never fought in my life outside of a ring.

Never?

O.K., ah, yes. I fell in love with the same girl that my school friend fell in love with, so we got in a fight, but it was—we were kids. I don't want to tell you who won. After that, my father told me that the word can be much tougher than the fist.

Wasn't your father in the Soviet military?

He was in service. My brother was born in Kyrgyzstan. I was born in Kazakhstan. We went to the Czech Republic. Then, from 1985, we were in Kiev. In April of '86, the Chernobyl catastrophe happened. The first people who were sent to clean it up were military. They were, most of the time, not prepared. And a lot of them died either right away or through the years. Unfortunately, my father is one of them. He made it till he was 64, and he was really suffering in the last years.

You have a Ph.D. from a university in Kiev. What was your dissertation about?

It's about teaching young athletes between 14 and 19—that in particular programs, with the girls and boys, their bodies are changing, so you have to consider how much training you give. It's a very important period of time in a human's life, before they will reach first success.

Can I make a suggestion for your postboxing career?

Movie villain. Try saying "Goodbye, Mr. Bond."

I prefer "I'll be back."

—BELINDA LUSCOMBE



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